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1860.

MEMOIR

OF

JONATHAN HUTCHINSON,

WITH

SELECTIONS FROM HIS LETTERS.

PHILADELPHIA:

PUBLISHED BY THE

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IN presenting to the public the following MEMOIR and CORRESPONDENCE, it would be proper to state, that they have been selected from a volume published in London, in 1841, entitled "EXTRACTS FROM THE LETTERS OF JONATHAN HUTCHINSON, WITH SOME BRIEF NOTICES OF HIS LIFE AND CHARACTER." They are worthy of a serious and careful perusal, and present many instructive religious experiences, to warn and encourage Christian travellers on their pilgrimage towards an eternal inheritance.

MEMOIR

OF

JONATHAN HUTCHINSON.

CHAPTER I.

JONATHAN HUTCHINSON was born at Gedney, in the county of Lincoln, England, in the year 1760. His ancestors for many generations had occupied the small estate of pasture-land which he inherited from them, and on which he followed his only temporal occupation, that of a farmer. Soon after the rise of the religious Society of Friends, his ancestors joined them in Christian fellowship, and became members.

The following allusion to the early part of his life is taken from a short manuscript of his own writing, and is all we find respecting it.

"Though thus inheriting the privileges of rural retirement and the simplicity of pastoral life,—educated too in the principles of an excellent Christian profession, yet that interesting and dangerous portion of my life, between leaving school and manhood, was strongly characterized by the sins and follies to which youth and inexperience are so peculiarly liable; whilst its succeeding stages, even the most

happy and favored of them, have, in my own view at least, been remarkable for their weakness, unworthiness, and vicissitude; so much so, that throughout the whole of my probationary course, there have been certain critical and eventful periods, wherein my sufferings of body and mind have been such as to leave me but just in possession of life and sense. Yet on this solemn retrospect, I find nothing to complain of but fallen self, acted upon by a delusive world and an unwearied spiritual adversary.

"I therefore would not 'charge God foolishly,' seeing that in all and through all, his kindness and forbearance towards me have been extended in a manner equally unmerited and incomprehensible to my own understanding; and like many other parts of his government, both in nature and grace, they appear to admit of no other possible solution than is to be found in this scriptural declaration — 'The ways of the Lord are higher than our ways, and his thoughts than our thoughts.'

"I do not remember having been favored in my early years with the tendering visitations of Divine love, either so often or so powerfully as we find recorded of divers religious persons; but I seem rather to have been left to explore in much solitude the depth and the misery of fallen nature in its greatest bitterness; so that before I had attained the twentieth year of my age, the enemy of all good possessed a fearful ascendency over me. But whilst in many instances he led me captive at his will, yet as in the case of poor Job, his power was limited; and he was

not permitted, as was evidently his design, to complete the destruction both of my body and soul, which, by the interposing arm of Israel's God, were mercifully preserved and marvellously delivered from the last effort of his cruel and malignant grasp.

"For after many sore and ineffectual conflicts, in which hope at length had taken its departure, I was favored with so convincing an evidence that God desireth not the death of a sinner, as that my heart was strongly inclined towards a state of subjection and obedience to Him. But though thus made willing, the performances of my apprehended duty have ever been so poor and humiliating as to give me occasion with deep feeling to respond to this language of David: 'Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto thy name give glory, for thy mercy and for thy truth's sake.' Amen and amen! saith a soul which thou hast indeed brought out of a horrible pit and taught to sing thy praise."

In a letter to a friend he thus alludes to the nature of these conflicts: — "From early life, and before I could be said to be religious, either from education or anything else, I was deeply impressed with the entire spirituality of the Christian dispensation, and of course not very friendly to the outward rites and ceremonies with which even then I thought I could perceive its beautiful and holy simplicity had been encumbered and obscured. Rather than accept it thus abused, overlooking, as perhaps is too often the case, an object near at hand, the simple profession in which I was born, I unhappily sought refuge in

metaphysics and scepticism. But here, as might be expected, I found no rest; weary of both, namely, the contemplation of a religion attended with outward ordinances on one hand, and unbelief on the other; and still more weary of a corruption from which I was persuaded neither of these could set me free, I was at length drawn to a remembrance of the Saviour and his most precious promise, Matt. xi. 28, 'Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.' In solitude and solicitude my heart conceived and my tongue uttered at the same moment this piercing cry, 'Lord grant that a poor fugitive may enter into rest.'"

This cry appears to have been mercifully and clearly answered; but he says, "All was intelligible and spiritual; not a word of sacraments, as they are called, nor of any other ceremonial observances."

"From this memorable era in my experience, I believe I may with safety say I have never 'wilfully departed from my God,' though the manner and degree in which my feeble nature has endeavored to please and serve Him frequently covers me with humiliation, and leaves me no shadow of excuse or cause for complaint in case of permitted or inflicted suffering. May this gracious Being of his great love and mercy in Christ Jesus continue to pity and pardon hearts which are desirous to be found doing his whole will in the midst of manifold tribulations and infirmities!"

On another occasion, probably at a somewhat earlier period of his life, while engaged in his farming

employments and preparing to cut some hay for the cattle, he records being in an agony of mental distress, almost driven to distraction. It was then he says, "The first vocal prayer I ever remember to have uttered was extorted from me. The purport of it may serve to show the darkness and doubt of the heart from which it burst, like water from the rock when smitten by the hand of Moses; it was brief, being comprehended in these few emphatic words, 'If there be a God in heaven, I pray thee help me.'"

Many years afterwards, in writing to a friend who was under great exercise of mind, and who had sought his sympathy, he thus refers to this memorable incident: "The short petition, Lord! help me," which thou hast mentioned as one that has sometimes escaped thee when under deep trial, has forcibly reminded me of perhaps the first fervent prayer I ever put up — not in a temple made with hands — not in any congregation assembled for worship—but in solitude, under the magnificent canopy of the overarching heavens, and with a retired corner of a haystack for my altar; here I cast myself in great agitation on my knees, and exclaimed, 'If there be a God in Heaven, I pray thee help me.'"

"Nor was this the only period of my life in which I have been thus pursued by him who is described as 'walking about seeking whom he may devour;' who was permitted to prove Job, to withstand Joshua, and even to tempt the dear Son of God himself; for since I have been more decidedly endeavoring to

serve and to please my Creator, and to be what He would have me to be, I have sometimes been thus hunted from day to day, and from place to place. Once in particular I recollect, when on a little turn-out with two women Friends who were travelling in the work of the ministry, I was grievously tried with wandering thoughts from meeting to meeting; my very soul abhorred them, and at length a language to this effect sprang up in the secret of my heart:—'If I have sinned, I pray Thee forgive me; but if these things are for the trial of my faith and patience, I submit.' Upon this the enemy vanished, and I was enabled to pursue the remainder of my journey in satisfaction and peace; and it is somewhat remarkable how useful I find the remembrance of this circumstance, even to the present time; so much so, that when followed, and might we not almost say insulted, by this malignant spirit, I can generally by prayer and patience foil, or at least silence him.'"

Jonathan Hutchinson had scarcely attained manhood when he underwent a very close trial in the death of an amiable young woman whom he tenderly loved. This attachment was mutual; they were on the point of marriage, when she was taken ill of the small-pox and rapidly sunk away. She lived in a distant part of the country, and he scarcely reached her residence before her earthly race was run. Thus were his fond and early hopes blighted. This sorrow came upon him, when, to use his own words, he was "as a bullock unaccustomed to the yoke," but through the mercy of his heavenly Father the dispensation

was blessed. He saw the vanity of his past course, and was enabled to take a more correct estimate of the end of his being, its object and its duties. We have scarcely any particulars of many of the succeeding years of his life; he settled down in his native village, and pursued his ordinary avocations in life as a grazier. His attachment to the principles and practices of our religious society increased, and he was respected and beloved by his friends; but a full surrender of his heart to the government of the Holy Spirit had not been made, and hence he did not show forth that consistency of Christian character which was afterwards conspicuous in him.

About ten or twelve years after this event, he entered into married life with Rachel Proctor of Selby. The enjoyment of this connexion was not of very long duration. In 1808 he was deprived of his beloved companion, and left with a family of young children. They had been closely united, and she was taken from him after a very short and painful illness. This bereavement was acutely felt by his sensitive mind.

In allusion to this afflicting loss, in writing to a beloved friend, he says, "My mind, after recovering its first shock, though greatly reduced, even to the state of considering myself little better than a reptile of Creation, has notwithstanding been so far preserved in quietude and contrition as seldom to be bereft entirely of a hope that proved like an anchor in those storms, which in times of outward weakness and inward trial are apt to assail, and at seasons almost

threaten to overwhelm us. So that on taking a general retrospect of my life, which though obscure, has not been without its vicissitudes, and considering how often I have been mercifully preserved from suffering shipwreck, I can address Him who has helped me in this grateful language: 'For all I thank thee;' but when I go into a still deeper recollection of some particular circumstances which have attended me, and consider the chastisement I have justly incurred, with the violence which has been necessary to rend the attachments of my heart from this world, under these impressions I feel almost strength enough to kiss the rod, and to add with faltering utterance, 'most for the severe.'"

To the same friend he again writes: "I find the present clouded, dark, and rainy day, is but too emblematic of the state of my mind, and whilst I sigh complaint to Him who seeth in secret, I am impelled by an inclination, I will not say an allowable one, to pour some of the effusions of a still afflicted heart into the sympathetic bosom of a friend. But what shall I say? Privileged beyond thousands of perhaps more deserving fellow-creatures, can I say anything that will not border upon murmuring? And ought I not rather to lay my hand upon my mouth? Oh! my dear friend, the last few months of my life, as thou knowest, have been fraught with vicissitudes the most painful to nature; and these have produced an experience which, while it seems to baffle description, has excited the desire that, if consistent with a wisdom which we both acknowledge to be inscruta-

ble, it may never be thine. I look at my dear little children; I look at the world; I review that part of my pilgrimage already passed, and I anticipate, though with much uncertainty, that which is involved in futurity; and with this affecting prospect of things I am ready to tremble for myself and for them. Under this deep and solemn exercise I think the greatest relief I have found, has arisen from feeling just able to make this appeal: Lord! I acknowledge the justice of thy correcting hand, and I desire submissively to bow under the various turnings thereof upon me."

The consolations of the Gospel appear to have attended on this resignation of will to the Lord, for the next day he records, "I found my mind on waking early this morning covered with contrition, and enabled to breathe on behalf of myself and my dear children, for preservation from the evils of this world. And whilst under this exercise, the recollection that this was one of the petitions which our dear Lord, when on earth, put up for his disciples, and what he instructed them to pray for on their own account, I was encouraged upon the whole to emerge a little from the depth of that conflict into which my mind has of late been unusually baptized, and once more to lift up my head in humble hope. Marvellous indeed, are the dealings of the Lord with us poor creatures of the dust!"

In the course of the following year (1809), whilst attending upon that devoted servant of Christ, Deborah Darby, who was with her companion on a reli-

gious visit in the neighborhood, he first spoke as a minister of the Gospel. In a letter addressed to a beloved friend, more than twenty years afterwards, he alludes to this memorable time.

"I seem to recollect thy asking me, if it was not rather late in life when I first appeared as a minister, to which I think I truly replied in the affirmative; it was in my forty-ninth year — nor had I, contrary to what appears to have been frequently the case, much previous intimation, that such an apprehension of duty would ever be laid upon me. But after many years of alternate sin and repentance, much self-will, unbelief and remorse, it pleased Infinite Wisdom to bring me into a state of deep and complicated affliction, and when I had nearly lost hope, to make bare his holy arm for my deliverance, under a sense whereof, at a time unlooked for by myself, my mouth was first opened in a sort of burst of love and gratitude nearly in the expressions of David, Psalm lxviii. 4–5, "Sing unto God, sing praises unto his name; extol Him that rideth upon the heavens by his name *Jah*, and rejoice before Him—a father of the fatherless, and a judge of the widows is God in his holy habitation." Immediately on resuming my seat, a late valued mother in our Society, Deborah Darby, who was beside me, knelt down and returned thanks that another had been added to the cloud of witnesses.

"Since this eventful circumstance in my spiritual history, I have been feebly endeavoring to be faithful to the one talent thus bestowed. That it was

only one, I conclude from the impression accompanying it, that I must be content to be a little preacher, and the corresponding fact of much expression at a time never having been required of me; but, on the contrary, I have been restricted to narrow limits and few words. So that as far as enlargement in quantity may constitute a part of it, I have known very little of what a growth in the gift means; and to preach a long sermon from any authority or qualification I have hitherto experienced would be quite as impossible as working a miracle. For most truly indeed might I adopt the language of Moses, Exodus, iv. 10.

"Now this is humiliating to that part in us which would rather be something than nothing, but need it therefore be a just cause of discouragement? I hope not, and I really have sometimes derived a little further hope from the very circumstance of being thus evidently circumscribed, independently of either my understanding or my will, remembering the apostle's language, 'For if I do this thing willingly, I have a reward; but if against my will, (I would say perhaps) a dispensation of the Gospel is committed unto me.'"

Humility will ever be a characteristic of the true Christian disciple. — "The steps of a good man are ordered by the Lord." What a blessing to the church it is, when such as these are directed by the Holy Spirit to take the office of a preacher of the blessed Gospel of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. In receiving a part of this ministry they will probably often find it to be, to use the language of our

beloved friend in his own case, "To be most of all a peculiar allotment to sympathize with private individuals in their afflictions, and to mourn in secret over the unfaithful or wandering mind; offering to the afflicted a word of consolation, and to the prodigal a hand of encouragement, whenever I can meet him as on the threshold of repentance. Ah! how sweet to my soul are the too rare instances of the latter description! Having been a stranger in the land of Spiritual Egypt, I know the heart of a stranger; having myself received mercy, I can exhort those who have tasted it to confide therein."

In another place, he says, "How desirable it is that, under any ministry, 'the heart of the righteous should not be made sad whom the Lord would not make sad,' nor 'the hands of the disobedient strengthened by promising him life!' And in order that this may not take place, it does seem very needful that the hearer, no less than the preacher, keep close to the heavenly gift or guide, that so the word delivered may not only be dispensed aright, but received aright, and by those only to whom it belongs. For I believe it is by the application of the Spirit bearing witness with our spirits, that either reading or ministry is made useful to us, whether it be in the way of reproof, instruction, or comfort.'"

His ministry was much valued by his friends generally. "It was not in many words, but under a feeling of Divine requiring, and it found great acceptance." "It was delivered in much simplicity and religious feeling, short, but comprehensive, and

in that Gospel authority which rendered it both in structive and edifying to the assembly. His public petitions at the throne of Grace were solemn and reverent, in few words; and being offered in the spirit, often tended to spread a spirit of supplication over the meeting." These are the testimonies of the Church and of his intimate brethren.

CHAPTER II.

In private intercourse with his friends, the society of Jonathan Hutchinson was much valued. His conversation was instructive; he was particularly careful not to reflect upon the failings of others; his own personal trials and constitution of mind gave a seriousness, but not a gloom to his general deportment; and his gentle, retiring manners, blended with Christian independence and politeness, endeared him to his friends, whilst it led them to treat him with respect and deference.

A near relative, who, from his early life, was permitted to share his friendship, thus writes of his honored uncle:—

"To the youth he loved to address himself; and to this important class, both on solemn religious occasions and during the hours of social enjoyment, he rendered himself peculiarly attractive. His lively recollections of the feelings incident to their age; his charitable allowance for unintentional failings;

his discriminating judgment and unceasing courtesy, while they commanded admiration, softened, enlarged, and edified the hearts of his juvenile friends. If they were of a literary turn, his knowledge of the best authors furnished him with subjects congenial to their taste. If conversation of a more general character prevailed, he enriched it with the observations of a Christian philosopher, and was admirably qualified to give an improving direction to what might otherwise have degenerated into trifles. If rural affairs were preferred, as a practical agriculturist he would often prove interesting, and seldom failed to secure their attention. If they enjoyed the beauties of nature, he enjoyed them also in no ordinary degree, and willingly imparted the fruits of his careful observation and pious reflection.

"In these conversations, which I have often listened to with delight, his own admiration of a beneficent Creator, as discovered in the rich variety of his works, habitually led him to excite a similar feeling in the minds of others. A shell, a stone, or a seemingly insignificant plant, furnished him with subjects on which instructively to dilate; for he loved to lead his hearers from created beauty, to reflect on that perfection which was without beginning, and will have no end. The productions and operations of nature he viewed as so many evidences of a wise and beneficent Being, who, though perpetually opposed by his rebellious creatures, has mercifully designed and provided for the happiness of all. Possessing such sentiments, it may be easily supposed that the

rural avocations, to which he had been trained, inspired him with pleasures unknown to those of less cultivated minds. Through the fine old ash-trees in front of his windows (which he sometimes appropriately denominated the trees of his forefathers), how often have I seen him gaze with solemn admiration on the splendor of a setting sun, or behold with similar emotions the magnificence of a starry sky!"

The following extracts from his correspondence present pleasing evidences of those qualities of mind and heart which rendered his rural home so attractive. His letters have all the freshness and ease which accompany the outpourings of a well-stored mind in conversational intercourse.

"1810—9th mo. 10. I might indeed, if not uncommonly dull, derive much instruction from the nature of my employment, of which, perhaps, few poetical lines are more justly descriptive than those which say

> "'The farmer's life displays in every part
> A moral lesson to the sensual heart.'

And may we not with equal truth add, spiritual instruction also to the well-disposed and attentive mind? The husbandman, whilst exposed to the vicissitudes of the weather and the changes of the seasons, deeply interested as he is also in them, must have the fairest opportunity of making observations upon their effects. The lilies, arrayed in simple yet elegant loveliness, and the ravens, fed by the same providential hand, are familiar objects to his

sight. And if I may once more boast, I do not remember a time when I have seemed to myself more disposed to be instructed by what we commonly call the operations of nature than in the present very changeful summer. The late auspicious appearance for getting in the harvest has been particularly striking, being, if we may so speak, ushered in by a day as likely to create despondency in the farmer's mind as any I ever knew. What sentiments of gratitude and of confidence ought such a circumstance to inspire, teaching us in everything to give thanks, and to believe, that though wintry seasons are in wisdom ordained, and storms permitted to interrupt even the tranquillity of summer's cheerful hours, yet these are but for an appointed time, and for a determinate purpose! The sun again breaks forth with undiminished splendor; the vegetable kingdom again expands with renewed beauty to his enlivening beams; the voice of the turtle and the singing of birds are again heard in our land. May we then, under the most unfavorable appearances, learn to trust, and not be afraid with slavish and unprofitable fear.

"I think I have discovered a considerable portion of anxiety to originate in those selfish regards, as to sufferings and enjoyments, which are incompatible with entire resignation to the Divine will.

"On riding along (to my solitary habitation), I was permitted not only to behold, but in some measure to appreciate the value of a privilege which, judging by my own experience, I should conclude

to be rare, that of being enabled not only to offer sacrifice in the secret and solemn sanctuary of the heart, but also as inhabitants of the material world, to worship the Creator of all things in the august temple of the universe, when, divested of all narrow and selfish considerations, we feel so forcibly our intimate union and connexion with all the workmanship of the Divine hand, that without reluctance we can say to corruption, 'Thou art my father, and to the worm, thou art my mother, and my sister.' In fine, when we so feelingly fraternize with universal nature, that towards existence generally our love seems unlimited as surrounding space; but towards man in particular our charity is as expansive and exalted as the magnificent canopy of the overarching heavens.

"1813—9th mo. 18. Thou seemest not to know, and almost to inquire, whether I am naturally more prone to mourn or to rejoice; to which I am free to give this unequivocal answer, that there was a time in my life when, imitating certainly not the wisest conduct of him who was called the wisest king, I withheld not my heart from (scarcely) any joy within its reach; but the time is now arrived when, for several of my latter years, I am not conscious of having entirely withdrawn the same heart from any sorrow with which a just and wise Providence has seen meet to visit it. Though here I must acknowledge, that my endeavors after an entire acquiescence in the Divine Will have been attended with so much qualm and shrinking, as to make this important business, on retrospect, appear to myself to have been so far

poorly performed, and to be yet very incomplete; but I trust the disposition to press forward still remains. The following incident, though of an inferior cast, may somewhat illustrate my meaning, and show thee in a few words the way wherein I am secretly striving to walk. I have happened this season to grow some wheat of a kind with which I had not before been acquainted. One of its properties seems to be to break off just under the ear, and almost before it is ripe. As I prefer ripe corn, I had suffered one of these fields to become fully so, when by some turbulent weather about two weeks since, it was computed I lost nearly one half. In endeavoring to reconcile my mind to this circumstance, which probably thy religion or philosophy, or both, may say ought not to have disquieted it, — but which combining as it did the ideas of mismanagement, waste, and disappointed gain, could not fail to operate sensibly on a temperament like mine, — I was quickly made sensible that it would not do to make too much of it, even in soliloquy, and that something must be attempted to silence these inward repinings. In this labor, more severe than reaping, I thought myself helped by remembering the seaman's lot, whose life and whose property so often perish in the wave; and I was still further assisted by recollecting the manner in which

> 'The son of patience heard the wreck
> Of all his fortunes, camels, oxen, flocks,
> Sons, daughters,—all in one sad hour o'erwhelmed."

"1824 — 1st mo. 19. My youngest son, my two daughters, and myself, who now form my family, are at present in the enjoyment of usual health. We reside in the same house where I was born, which, by a little retouching, we have endeavored to make a kind of comfortable cottage, and I believe I may say we have succeeded to our general content. This is pleasant, as the taste of young and elderly folks often differs so much. By means of a pretty large bow-window, which, being the half of a hexagon, admits views to E. N. E. and S. E., we have obtained a sufficiently light and commodious sitting-room, which is important to me for reading and taking exercise when I cannot conveniently take it abroad. We pass our long evenings partly with books. P. reads, his sisters work, and criticise the recent schoolboy, while I sit in my arm-chair as grand umpire, or referee in doubtful or difficult cases.

"1826—11th mo. 20. In mentioning Gedney, I observe thou hast associated greenness with the recollection. This, trifling as it may seem, pleases me, not only because I love Gedney, but because it shows thee to be in possession of a secret which some travellers want, that of trying to be pleased wherever they are; and if there be 'a spot of azure in a clouded sky,' endeavoring to find it. Thus in the fens of Lincolnshire, instead of looking for rocks and mountains and forests, thou more wisely kept thy eyes down, and thereby discovered the only beauty we can boast, the verdure of our pastures—a verdure which, from interest and fancy combined, I have so

often hailed with delight; and even now, when delight in such objects seems fast wearing away, I still behold with pleasing sensation. Perhaps I seldom have been more soberly or sweetly gratified in this way than during the present autumn, in which the renovated state of the vegetable kingdom has been indeed surprising. In the extraordinary drought of summer, the poor sheep had nibbled the grass very short, and in the most even manner—a work which they execute better than the scythe; so that when genial weather set in, we had very quickly our desert-like appearance changed to that of a second spring; and I think the tenth month, flowers excepted, outvied the fourth in beauty.

"1831—5th mo. I should like to walk with thee over some of our best grazing-land, a small proportion of the whole, which is just now in its brightest appearance; the grass is so thick, so small in its blade, so verdant in its color, so short and so soft to the foot, that altogether it might almost require a poet fully to describe it. However, in my sober language, it happens to be beauty which I have eyes to see, and viewing it as I do, I am reconciled to my lowly allotment, although I am aware that wit has at one time called it a 'land of frogs,' and at another 'the paradise of graziers and gosherds.'

"And thus, my friend, we are almost brought to the conclusion, that it does not much signify where a man's home is, if he is but contented; and whilst we allow the mountaineer to be delighted with the hill that lifts him to the storm, we may by the same

rule suffer the inhabitants of a lower region to rejoice in the plain that feeds, and to commend the bog that bears him."

To another friend he writes: "Cannot you peep at us, by the way, towards Lancashire? Gedney, like other grazing districts, often appears rather dreary to strangers in the winter, but is now about in its prime. A scene, thou knowest, may be lovely, though the heart of him that views it be faint; still, the note of the blackbird, and the fragrance of the woodbine, may help to keep him from fainting. In the two latter charms of nature I think we just now excel."

CHAPTER III.

In order to present more fully the character of Jonathan Hutchinson from his correspondence, we shall proceed to make extracts on various subjects illustrative of his views on mental, moral, and religious culture, inserting them without regard to date or address.

"To —— ——,

"Whether I see thee ascending the bare hill, taking thy stand upon the still more exposed cliff to contemplate the wonders of the sea and sky, or returning through groves of thy own planting to thy cottage home, my visionary prospect is generally associated with a portion of verse which I copied more

than forty years ago, and which, agreeing as I have found it does with experience, pleases and instructs me to the present day. Should these lines, as I think they may, excite corresponding feelings in thy mind, I perhaps shall do something more than blot my paper by transcribing them for thy perusal. After beautifully describing various objects of sight and sound, which formed the immediate scene of his musings, the author says: —

"'Much on the imperfect state of man I have mused:
How pain o'er half his hours her iron reign
Ruthless extends. How pleasure from the path
Of innocence allures his steps. How hope
Fixes his eye on future joy that flies
His fond pursuit. How fear his shuddering heart
Alarms with fancied ill. How doubt and care
Perplex his thought. How soon the tender rose
Of beauty fades; the sturdy oak of strength
Declines to earth, and over all our pride
Stern Time triumphant stands.'

JOHN SCOTT.

'I do not know that we set an equal value on this sort of composition, of which, when I find it, as I now and then do, at least according to my own views, needlessly disparaged, I venture to avow myself the feeble advocate. I have heard of a grave authority on the other side of the water, who perhaps uniting a little of the zeal of an ancient puritan with the taste of a modern backwoodsman, would dispose of poetry at once by driving it out of existence. Now admitting the abuse of poetry in common with every other good thing, and excepting the most solemn

parts of Scripture, I have never read anything better in prose than in verse, or worse in the last than the first; I therefore conclude that they have their appropriate situations and respective advantages, in the important business of forming character and regulating manners. Whilst thus speculating, I am strongly impressed with the following sentiments of our friend Dr. Hancock: 'As well might we suppose a self-moving orb to pass unhurt with a steady course through blazing comets crossing each other's path in endless physical disorder, as that a human being in the present scene of moral darkness and perplexity could direct his own steps aright by the natural powers of his mind, or apply himself effectually in such a state of infinite confusion to the duties for which he was designed, without providential guidance. How consistent then with true philosophy is the saying, that 'a good man's steps are ordered of the Lord! How consistent with Christianity and the general harmony of the universe!'

"We are told that poetry enervates the mind, by which I understand, reduces its natural pride, fierceness, stupidity and selfishness, to a lower standard; and does not this same human nature want amelioration? I think it does, seeing that men naturally are so much more disposed to treat their fellows with haughtiness, cruelty, and dissimulation, than with the meekness, gentleness, and integrity recommended in the Gospel. I would, therefore, that the lion were tamed, the bear softened, the ass stimulated, and the fox taught to be less crafty and more honest; and I

am not convinced by all I have yet heard that my favorite may not be useful as a means, for all is under grace, in thus changing rude and savage nature into civilized man.

"Here I would hint at a distinction which appears to me to exist between music and poetry; that the first seems to be confined to the senses and passions, whilst the latter addresses the understanding too; the first leaves nothing substantial behind it; the latter, if it be well chosen, much. To give an illustration, if a man can take up our late dear Priscilla Gurney's selection of hymns without some improvement, both of his head and his heart, I should suspect him to be equally deficient in taste, in judgment, and in piety."

On the subject of music, he writes to the same friend at a subsequent time: "I think singing, however, as a religious practice, (if this made part of thy inquiry,) should be sparingly used, and that it should be under an influence not at our command; and therefore, perhaps, can seldom, if ever, be safely adopted by the whole of a mixed congregation, composed of every variety of spiritual condition; whilst making melody in our hearts to the Lord, when we feel it arise, or the sacred song by night or by day, when such is given us, may, I apprehend, be addressed with the spirit and the understanding, and the voice also, to Him who qualifies for the service. Of merely instrumental music I certainly have a very unfavorable opinion; much precious time and property, I think, are wasted upon it in modern edu-

cation; whilst, as an attendant on worship, my objection to it is quite of a serious kind, as it seems to me to resemble so much those dreams of eating, from whence, when one awakes, his soul has appetite; and to have nothing in it of that process which, though it originates in tribulation, leads its submissive votary to a hope that maketh not ashamed."

"To —— ——,

"As to thy question how far mental or even personal cultivation may minister to pride or humility, the ground may not be quite clear; and yet if we can admit, as I think I can, that when the mind is healthy and well-regulated, the person will mostly be sufficiently attended to, as an effect from its cause, perhaps we may safely conclude the most improved state of all our faculties to be, favorable as handmaids, but as handmaids only, to religion and virtue. And that in this capacity of subjection to the Christian cross they are also the ornament and the innocent delight of civil society, enabling their favored possessor to strew more flowers and scatter greater benefits amongst his fellow-travellers in their journey through the intricate and sometimes discouraging paths of time.

"But here, consistently with our acknowledged love of order, let us preserve the needful and obvious distinction between what really improves and that which only adorns, or between wise and judicious instruction and mere worldly accomplishment; as under the latter designation I am inclined to believe, amongst

the other hurtful things, may be recognized the deepest humiliation of the understanding and the greatest corruption of the heart.

"It has long been a decided sentiment with me, that all the advantages a man possesses, whether natural or acquired, enable him to be either a better or a worse man, according as he lends himself to the service of the best or the worst of masters; that is to say, he will be either better or worse than other men, in proportion to the means he possesses of being so, and as his *will* is inclined in the application of them. Thus the very same means which by the renewed mind are made powerful auxiliaries in the service of religion, are by the lawless and disobedient turned into equally powerful aids in the planning and execution of every kind of wickedness. Hence the scholar under the influence of divine grace will generally be found to possess some advantages in the present life over the more simple and unlettered Christian; whilst, on the other hand, a learned sophist is the most dangerous of all sophists, and a wealthy and powerful the most distinguished of all tyrants, as a knowing and strong will always excel the weak and less practised robber.

"I am aware that such cases as thou hast adduced of our dear and dignified friend ——, appear to form particular exceptions to that part of my theory which respects good men; yet I think they do not amount to a general objection, for even he might have written a letter with less pain to himself, and perhaps with better purpose to his friends, had he been more

liberally educated; whilst it must be acknowledged that the manner in which this deficiency was supplied, both in meetings and in the social circle, was an astonishing instance of the effect of Divine influence upon a comparatively untutored mind. And what does this prove? That the natural and legitimate object and purpose of this influence is at once to rectify and refine the understanding, to purify and new-create the heart; and thus operating, to make both the mind and the person not only less repulsive, but very agreeable. How sweet may we now and then observe the cast of that index, the countenance, to be even in individuals laboring under every disadvantage, but that of impiety. I have beheld this high order of beauty in the deformed, the aged, and the poor.

"Against the pride that 'would be angel' it is doubtless proper to guard, but this appears to consist in a curious, aspiring, and too inquisitive disposition; a philosophy falsely so called, that would be wise above that which is either written or revealed, which is more allied to folly than to wisdom, and just the reverse of cultivation and improvement. I do not think this need be any bar to the education of dear children according to the best understanding and abilities of their parents, and with some view perhaps to the sphere of life in which they may have to move.

"After all, the longer I live the more I am persuaded by observation and experience, that in all our concerns, and especially that of bringing up our

families, unless the Lord build the house, they labor in vain that build it; and unless He keep the city, the watchman waketh but in vain. The most anxious and assiduous parents can never make their offspring what they would have them to be, without a blessing upon their endeavors, and the co-operation of the children with both. Parents or guardians, therefore, seem to me to make but one of three parties; but they are a party, and their office is important, especially in its earliest exercise. Let them then not neglect it, as in this case, whatever else may be the issue, they may expect peace in the retrospect of having endeavored to do their duty; yea, they may derive encouragement from the hope that their counsels, like bread cast on the waters, may be found after many days; and that their prayers, their labor, and travail may be answered, even after they themselves are numbered with the silent dead.

"Whilst I contemplate mental cultivation as holding a distinguished and essential part in raising our species from a savage to a civilized condition, I consider religion, the Christian religion, as that which, after education has done its best, can furnish, and only can furnish, the perfect model of accomplished man; and this it effects by producing in the willing and obedient mind what the apostle Paul has appropriately called the fruits of the Spirit; whilst on the reverse of the medal he has given us, as the fruits of the flesh, all that is affecting and deplorable in the picture of unchanged, and may we not add of unrefined nature, groaning under its terrible and

unrelenting task-master — the Pharaoh of the soul."

"To —— ——,

"Among those meditations on creation and its Author, which often lead me to wonder, and sometimes I hope to adore, a frequent and favorite one is on that kind of simple power, or power in the abstract, which is not only dispensed to man, the deputy lord of nature, but to every creature wherein is the breath of animal life, over that small portion of matter to which the faculty of a will is attached. So that by volition only this portion of matter is to a certain extent under the absolute control of free and voluntary determinations. Nor is the limitation of this extraordinary power less remarkable than its extension, being defined by a boundary as complete and arbitrary as that of the ocean, to whose proud and restless waves it has been said, 'Thus far shall ye go, and no farther.' So whilst myself, my dog, or my horse, by a mode or agency as incomprehensible as it is evident, can with the greatest facility move the whole or any part of our own bodies, we have no such power by simple volition over the smallest part of another animal, whether of our own or any other species. We could not in this way, light as it is, stir the wing of a fly.

"Now for the tale, were it not for a further degree of the limitation just adverted to over that material clog to which my own intellectual part is fettered, or had I the wings of a dove with skill to use them, I

think I should not just now fly into the wilderness, but to Earlham, and might probably soon be placed by thy fireside instead of my own. As this style of writing cannot be taken for the notes of sorrow, so it may perhaps be as little suspected of any alliance with sympathy; and yet if I am not deceived, sympathy, sweet and sacred, and ofttimes suffering sympathy, is the remote cause of my present attraction towards thee and thine . . . . .

"Having always thought the subject rather intricate, I have been afraid of entering into discussion on the religious instruction of youth, lest I should embarrass rather than illustrate it. It seems to me to consist of various parts, on which, for want of viewing them distinctly, it may be easy for us to misunderstand each other. We have also diversities of gifts from the same Spirit, and different members of the spiritual body have not the same office, of which, to myself at least, my own case, is a remarkable proof; for whilst I entertain the most favorable opinion of many great and good works which are now going on in the world, I am so far from taking any decidedly active part in them, that as to any public step, by act or deed, further than a little money, I seem, to borrow a phrase, 'hermetically sealed,' my spiritual solicitude being *concentrated* as it were on this one point,—the individual salvation of those who are members of our own religious Society, each of whom, notwithstanding the privilege of being born in a country denominated Christian, I consider to be born into the world as much the child of fallen nature as the Icelander

or the Hindoo, and consequently to stand in equal need of convincement and conversion to their own nominal religion with those who have never heard its name. And to the great proportion of such as remain in an unconverted or unregenerate state, neglecting, despising, or forsaking the privileges of their birthright — to this it is that I think we must chiefly ascribe the great difference there is between the present state of our Society, and that first period of it, wherein all were convinced, and, as appears by its records, most of them were faithful.

"Perhaps the exclusive anxiety which I feel to a much greater degree than I can express for my brethren and kinsfolk after the flesh, or by profession, may partly originate in the recollection of the means by which, through grace, I have become what I am. When I was young there was much less of outward endeavors among Friends, at least those of my acquaintance, to instruct their youth, than, however deficient we may still appear, has been the case in later years. And though I, and doubtless many others, had parents who taught them to read and reverence the Scriptures, as well as occasionally to peruse the writings of our early Friends, here was about the whole of what might be called our religious education. Yet even in this way I remember to have acquired such a knowledge of the sacred Scriptures, and of the leading principles of my own profession, as during the course of a lamentable apostasy never forsook, though it could not reclaim me. How often, when by a course of vain speculation and

dangerous experiment, I seemed to be exploring the depths of the *fall*—how often in this mad career has the secret application of a text arrested my progress, and shaken the sceptic in the scorner's chair! How often too, when acting inconsistently with my principles, have I been assured to a certainty, that these deviations were neither more nor less than denying Him before men, who, if I died in this state, would deny me before his Father and the holy angels! and under a sense of the awful responsibility which I was thus, in violation of my knowledge, incurring, how often have I been ready to wish that I had never been born, or at any rate that I had not by birthright inherited so pure and holy a Christian name as that which I bore, and almost daily dishonored!

"In addition to this, it was impossible for me to forget how unavailing were all outward endeavors towards bringing me out of this horrible pit, and that neither men nor books, even his instruments, had anything to do in plucking me at length as a brand out of the fire. Remembering this, I am perhaps the more fearful of infringing upon the office of that mighty Redeemer who thus mercifully wrought for me with a high hand and an outstretched arm. This consideration may possibly make me more desirous that neither myself nor those whom I most tenderly love may attempt anything out of the line of our respective appointments, nor in it, but so far as we may be required and assisted.

"If parents and guardians of youth were as assiduous as I think the importance of the occasion de-

mands in the work of their own salvation, a corresponding solicitude would be felt for those committed to their trust, and a way would at times be opened, when the Scriptures were read, to explain and expound passages of them in the life of truth; and in a degree of the same life also, would they, as ability was afforded, be concerned to impress the principles of their peculiar profession on the minds of their children or pupils.

"My son is gone into Yorkshire, so that I am left with only my young housekeeper Rachel. To her, on rainy days, evenings, and when thus engaged, I am a house companion. By way of reconciling this lively girl to retirement and herself, I am at convenient intervals reading to her *Bates's Rural Philosophy*. In this respectable performance, for such I think it, I happened, since laying down my pen yesterday, to fall upon a passage which seems so connected with the principal subject of my letter, and is at the same time in such accordance with my sentiments, that I am inclined to detain thee a little longer by its perusal. 'Since the original apostasy, man is become not only guilty, but depraved; and besides the pardon of his sins, needs the medicinal grace of Christ to heal the disorders of his nature, and enable him to exert his faculties in a due and spiritual manner, and thus to restore him to a proper use of himself. In the great business of education, of which we have been speaking, every method that can be employed without this divine aid to predispose and habitually to influence the heart of the pupil, however it might

serve to supply him with those qualities which would render him amiable and useful in society, would fail to provide him with that virtue which must qualify him for heaven; and every subsequent attempt to acquire this qualification after he came to act for himself, would, without the same divine succor, prove equally inefficacious.'"

"To a young female Friend:

"I embrace the present liberty of assuring thee how much interest I feel in thy spiritual welfare. My hopes of thee are that thou mayest be a valuable pattern to several precious young plants of thy own sex under our name, who are rising up within the immediate sphere of thy acquaintance. Youth want monitors, but above all they want practical teachers among themselves. They are too prone to think that it is time enough yet to become religious, or that if this be necessary, yet both the maxims and manners of their seniors are too austere. But when they see here one and there another of their equals in years, and especially if these are in possession of every means of self-indulgence, with understandings and education no way inferior to their own; when such are beheld stepping forward somewhat like those who in the early ages of Christianity turned out of the Roman legions, boldly declaring themselves its converts, though death looked them in the face—such a sight would be likely to arrest the attention even of the thoughtless, with this consideration — surely it must be for a reality that such sacrifices are made; it

cannot be a chimera for which these trials are endured. I believe few outward helps would be of so great advantage to young Friends of the present day as that of witnessing among their contemporaries an increase of decided characters—of those who, dying to their own wills, and with a holy courage which eclipses that of outward warfare, taking up their daily cross, avow by the language of conduct, that they are weary of the folly of inconsistency with their own profession, that they are still more weary of the anguish of a divided heart; and that, therefore, through Divine help, they are resolved to quit the service of him who is an enemy to peace, and take that yoke upon them which, notwithstanding the mistakes about it, is light and easy, when compared with the distractions and distresses of disobedience and a wounded conscience."

"To —— ——,

"There is one thing which occasioned me some exercise in London, and has attended me since I came home — a jealousy or fear, lest amid the shakings to which thou hast alluded, and which do indeed threaten to disturb everything that can be shaken— I have been, and am anxious, lest, at such a time, any of my dear kindred or friends should be moved from the one only true foundation, the Rock of ages, Jesus Christ the righteous, and Him crucified. O! that none of us may be either driven or allured from the foot of his cross!

"To prevent, in times like the present, this great-

est of all calamities happening to us, must, I apprehend, require on our part close watchfulness unto prayer; as it is quite to be believed that our unwearied spiritual adversary will not omit so favorable an opportunity for practising upon us; it may be, both as a lion, a serpent, an angel of light, a reformer, or a philosopher. We shall have need, therefore, of a wisdom superior to his, or to our own, to discover him under any of his transformations, and of a power above all the power of the enemy, even the whole armor of light, to resist him when discovered.

"It is, I think, one of the weaknesses of human nature, and one I also believe of which our enemy often seeks to avail himself, when we are honestly endeavoring to avoid one extreme, to hurry us into another; overstepping truth and rectitude, which will generally be found to lie between them; thus, in departing from what now appears to be the striking singularity of a costume, which two centuries ago I suppose had nothing uncommon about it, but which, by the youth of our Society of latter time, seems to have been considered as a cross unnecessarily severe, or somewhat like a yoke too grievous to be borne; whilst I admit that form may be overrated, and can of itself avail us little, I do believe that the true Christian will always be distinguished by his moderation, his humility, and even his singularity. If in this evil day, we sustain the character described in the first verse of the Psalms, we shall find it as true an axiom that, to be right, we must often be singular; so that, in relaxing, as we appear in some instances

to be doing, from what perhaps may be considered the rigors of our ancient practice, I do very earnestly desire we may stop at the right point, at that common, and if we may so say, that simple simplicity in dress, language, and furniture, which may be read and understood of all men in all times; preserving those who, through faith and obedience, are concerned to walk therein, out of the fearful, costly, and troublesome whirlpool of fashion, the vain customs, maxims, and sinful delight of a fallen and degenerate world, lying in wickedness.

"Thou wilt think, perhaps, I am expressing myself rather earnestly; but it is indeed my conviction, that from despising the day of small things, many have fallen by little and little; and that, if ever these rise again to usefulness in our Society, it must be by a close attention to what they are too apt to consider minor particulars, which in my view of them are only portions of a chain, from which, whether we apply the figure to a law of nature or grace, whatever link we strike, disorganizes the whole.

"In making a few general remarks on the writings of our early predecessors, I would that we always approached them with caution and tenderness, treading lightly on the ashes or remains of the honorable dead. With the controversies of these ancient worthies, or their manner of conducting them according to the spirit of their age, we have now, I apprehend, little or nothing to do. Neither are we called upon to imitate or defend the sometimes obscure and mysterious, or, compared with that of the present day,

almost absolute tautology of their style. One thing it may be well for us to remember, that, from these voluminous works, abounding, as they confessedly do, with great redundancy of expression, may be extracted an essence of as pure and sublime truth—if we except the Holy Scriptures, and their authors—as perhaps ever fell from the lips, or flowed from the pen of man: so that, on the whole, I am inclined to believe the best apology for the writings in question, if indeed they need one, would be an attentive and unprejudiced perusal of them, when they would be found to be their best, and perhaps altogether sufficient expositors."

CHAPTER IV.

In the close afflictions Jonathan Hutchinson frequently met with, by the loss of wife, children, and other beloved relatives, we find the faith of a Christian believer supporting him, and enabling him to praise the Lord. His beloved wife was, as we have seen, early removed from his side, and about three years after his eldest daughter was taken. To this event he alludes in the following extract:

"I am free to say, that if a capacity to feel for others be any quality of mine, I have received it not so much by words as by things, and this in the house of mourning—my heart, naturally obdurate and unbelieving, having been brought to its present state

of faith and love, whatever this may be, by repeated baptisms in the troubled yet healing waters of affliction. From one of these I am scarcely now emerging, having but within a few days returned home from watching the progress of a disorder which conducted my eldest daughter, about fifteen, to the silent grave. Though I tenderly loved her, yet I am probably more affected by a sense of loss, from the disappointed hope which this loss has occasioned; having indulged the fond hope that this dear girl, who had finished her education, and under the care of valuable relations was receiving domestic instruction, might in a few years have succeeded her late mother as the female head of my family, the pleasant companion of her elder brother, the instructress of my younger children, and (where alas! does not hope lead us!) the solace of my declining days, for all which she held out very promising expectations. So that thou wilt not, I think, be surprised to hear me say that nature feels much on this occasion; but blessed be the Lord, who does not forsake, but enables me to bend under it, both by affording me the very consoling belief that the dear departed child is entered into rest, and by superadding the tender sympathy of several dear and affectionate friends, and — may I add — by tendering my spirit before Him.

"Former experience has convinced me that, though we may have to travel our dreary ground, we must not think of taking up a rest here; indeed that no rest can be found upon it, but more probably a total discomfiture and overthrow both of faith and prac-

tice; and I am not even yet willing to die a death so inglorious; for the Christian warfare, erroneous as the general notion is concerning it, appears to me both noble and dignified. Thus thinking, I have fled from despondency to resources; and whilst I seize with eager gratitude the proffered hand of friendship, I search the Scriptures, and endeavor to bow my soul before Him, who is not only described therein as 'walking in darkness,' but as the succor of the afflicted. I trust these endeavors have not been entirely fruitless, as I find myself enabled to lift up my head in hope that all may still work together for my good, to which I am further encouraged by the apprehension that some important truths have been, in the course of the present dispensation, more deeply than ever impressed upon my mind."

In a letter addressed to some valued Friends, on the occasion of a similar bereavement in their family several years afterwards, he again instructively refers to the death of his daughter. "I can scarcely forbear mentioning that dear H.'s expressions of thanksgiving on the death of your child, has reminded me forcibly of the apostolic exhortation, 'Rejoice evermore, and in everything give thanks.' It has reminded me also of my own experience under a similar trial, when after watching for several days the illness of my oldest daughter, who, nearly fourteen years ago, died at Selby of water in the head, the disorder at length reached a crisis, wherein it was thought best for me to leave the sick-room; I did so, but could not be easy without returning. This procured

for me an intelligent and seraphic smile, for she was speechless, observed only by myself; but which I would not have missed for any consideration in my power. I then again and finally left her; and in a few minutes afterwards, being informed that she had ceased to breathe, was suddenly enabled alone, and amidst a flood of nature's tears, to utter this short ejaculation, 'I thank thee, Father.'

"I cannot tell what those who consider reason as the only guide and chief good of man would make of such conduct as this. I think it was not the effect of leaning to my own understanding, and certainly not to my own inclination; for I would willingly have kept my child, upon whom, after the decease of her mother, I had placed much expectation and hope, which she seemed likely to realize. To what then must we ascribe this? Perhaps to the influence of that Spirit which helpeth our infirmities; and which, surmounting nature, teaches us not only to pray, but to praise and return thanks aright. What, indeed, short of this gentle and powerful agency, can bring such poor creatures as we to adopt in sincerity and truth this pious sentiment of Young? 'For all we bless thee, most for the severe.'"

When far advanced in life, another beloved daughter was taken, one who had been happily married. In writing to a beloved friend on this occasion, he says, "On approaching the bed of my dear Lydia, I found that her disorder had made such progress as to disqualify her for converse; so that although sensible and apparently pleased to see me, she could only

reply to my query if her mind was peaceful, by a whisper in the affirmative; and in about three hours she expired.

"How true it is, that our fairest theories, or even our former experience, avail us little in the extremity of sorrow, which, like a tempest or a torrent, carries them before it. Affliction was no new thing to me. I had lost parents, wife, children, and many friends of different ages; yet the present visitation found me encompassed by human infirmity; it came over me somewhat like the strength of a giant upon the weakness of a child; and had not those fountains been opened, which seem to have been mercifully designed for the relief of a laboring breast, perhaps, old and feeble as I am, I might scarcely have been able to sustain the load.

"As it is, however, I am as well as it is at all reasonable to expect, and probably as is good for me; though I always expect to feel a void, in addition to many former ones, which nothing earthly can fill. But, amidst all our tribulation, some of us are enabled to rejoice in the precious hope that another prepared spirit is, through the merits of its Redeemer and the mercy of God, entered into everlasting rest.

"The last portion of Scripture which Lydia heard, I think on the day previous to her departure, was the two last chapters of Revelations, which, as they are very beautiful, so I have also thought, might not be inappropriate to such a scene in such an hour.

"A certain learned and pious writer has been very severe upon those who die of what he designates a

broken heart, charging them with pride and self-will, if not with madness. But so did not He who took upon him our nature, became a man of sorrows, and wept for his friend. Estimable as I hold those sublime and amiable virtues, patience and resignation, I would rather weep incessantly over the graves of such as honest grief, 'which comes at God's command,' had accelerated thither, than load their memory with reproach. I do not mean by this an apology for giving way to immoderate sorrow; on the contrary, I believe we ought to do all we can to suppress it, and even to pray for due submission. And it may afford thee, perhaps, some satisfaction to know, that at the present juncture I am able, though with tender emotion, to kiss the rod, and bless the hand that appointed it."

To another Friend he says, "Of our dear children, both of those departed and such as are yet spared to us, I frequently think; and since my late bereavement of one very tenderly beloved, I have been struck with the different sensations which the remembrance of the two classes excite in my mind. For those who have died in the hope of mercy and forgiveness through a blessed Mediator, I feel a congratulation, comparable to joy unspeakable, on account of their being now set free from the dangers of temptation, the recurrence of sorrows, or the frequent visits of bodily and mental pain, to which humanity is liable, whilst for those who, with myself, yet remain in a state of conflict and probation, whatever may be their condition or their prospects, there is not the same

assurance of safety, the same completeness of satisfaction; they are as on a sea of glass, and if I venture to rejoice over them at all, it is with mingled emotion."

His presence in the chamber of sickness and death appears to have been peculiarly acceptable, his heart being full of Christian love and sympathy for the afflicted; and we find that a beloved niece, suffering with slow consumptive disease, desired his frequent visits. Her closing scene is thus recorded: "Her conflicts ended last Fourth-day morning. The scene for some days had been a deeply affecting one to me, but was more than compensated by the confirmation of faith and increase of experience which, in common with my surrounding friends, I hope we all derived from it. It is probable the oldest of us might never before have had so full and fair an opportunity of witnessing the power of religion on the mind in affliction, in sickness, and in death; or one wherein, young as the subject was, grace was so eminently triumphant, not only over the weakness, but amidst the agonies, of slowly expiring nature.

"One evening, as her father and I were standing by her couch, from a state of comparative ease she became suddenly sensible of an approaching struggle. Leaning against her parent, and taking my hand, she exclaimed, 'O my dear uncle! O my dear father! I am going.' She was perfectly collected and sensible throughout the paroxysm, and at short intervals, but in a raised and audible voice, she continued thus to express herself: 'This is death!' 'I had no idea

that dying was like this—but I can bear it.' 'Thou (meaning the Almighty) enablest me to bear it.' 'Lord! into thy hands I commend my spirit.' 'Jesus, receive my spirit.' 'Oh! take me to thyself!' She then lay for some time as if departing, but whilst we were expecting to see her breathe her last, she gradually revived, after which she observed to her mother, 'I thought I was going; I was disappointed; but I desire to wait the Almighty's time.'" She survived several days after this, and uttered many comfortable expressions, so that, as Jonathan Hutchinson remarks, the account had "more of brightness than of gloom in it."

"For," he proceeds, "how instructive and edifying, as we have often heard and seen, and I think have remarked to each other, the closing moments of some dear young persons are found to be—even where the appearance of piety has lain much concealed from outward observation, it has nevertheless been elicited in an extraordinary degree on the approach of death. Then a faith not built on systems, but on the Rock of Ages, has shone forth with effulgence and power; then a hope not deduced from the subtleties of the schools has, to the humbling admiration of beholders, discovered itself, as an anchor to the departing soul, sure and steadfast; and the whole of the case has manifested, too clearly to be mistaken, that not more by their expressions, though these are sometimes remarkable, than by the strength of mind with which they were enabled to pass through the dark valley, by these babes and sucklings, praise

of the purest and most exalted kind has been perfected, and ascribed to that very adorable Name who has thus given them the victory over their last enemy. Let us, therefore, my valued friends, as we may be enabled, unite in the sacred anthems which the dying example of these young believers seems so eminently calculated to inspire."

The following extract from another letter is appropriate on this occasion:

"How much sweeter than roses or their incense, I have thought, is the piety evinced by some of our beloved young friends, who are called upon in the morning of their day to prove their allegiance by their acquiescence in the will of their Creator and their Redeemer. For early or late, living or dying, resignation appears to me the only altar on which an acceptable sacrifice of any kind can be offered; and submissively to place upon this altar the opening prospects of early life, and even life itself, seems to be one of the deepest and most precious experiences of a Christian. How lovely, then, is it, to behold the well-disciplined and well-regulated minds of some who are but lately passed even from infancy, and to perceive, as I think we may sometimes plainly do, that the principle to which they have been directed supports them under nature's severest conflicts, and even in the trying hour of dissolution."

CHAPTER V.

"How precious is that unity of spirit which constitutes Christian fellowship." With this expression, Jonathan Hutchinson addresses on one occasion a beloved friend, and then proceeds to say, — "For some hours this morning, I have been introduced into such a new communion with you in the love, and fear, and mercy of our God, as equally excites my wonder and my praise; and it seems as if it would be an act of manifold injustice to withhold the knowledge of it from you. In this situation, so different from what we probably each of us often pass through, I have thought myself the most favored of men. And why? Because the most unworthy! — at least more so than any of my fellow-mortals of whose state I have any knowledge or conception; and this view of ourselves is sufficient for the purposes of individual humiliation and gratitude. Here we may perceive what a privilege it is, that, without confusion or interference, thousands may be under all these circumstances at the same moment of time, enjoying the same bounty of their Creator, exercising the same self-abasedness before Him, and offering the same incense of adoration and praise; or will it be a needless addition by one comprehensive expression to say, trembling and rejoicing in the beams of the Sun of righteousness? Well, in the

bonds of this love, in the feeling of this creaturely reduction, and at the foot of this altar, I again bid you affectionately farewell."

To one who had been tried with many and varied afflictions he thus writes: — "Indeed this path of many tribulations is so far from being a new one, that it seems on the contrary to be the high road by which, since the fall of Adam, the spiritual traveller has been conducted to happiness and to glory. Accordingly, we cannot read far in the Scriptures without having our attention turned towards it, with suitable instructions how to conduct ourselves, and journey forward therein. Of these directions, the leading one seems to be, a resigning all that we have and all that we are — our own lives not excepted — into the hand of Him who gave us them all. It appears, even at this time of day, little short of marvellous to me when I consider, or rather when I feel, how many baptisms are necessary, not only to bring many of us to this point of entire surrender, but to keep us there, so that in the simplicity of little children, and in foolishness to our own wisdom, we may be willing to follow the Lamb whithersoever he leadeth, into doing, suffering, or rejoicing. And however difficult or impossible this attainment may be, by the exertion of merely human powers, yet as we set it up for our mark, keep it constantly in view, pray for it, and press after it, I trust we shall receive adequate assistance in every needful time, and that ultimately we shall be made more than conquerors

through Him that hath loved us—for the Lamb and his followers shall have the victory.

"If it may tend more unequivocally to show that to impart strength and comfort, without any mixture of alloy, is the only motive for my thus greeting thee, suffer me to turn thy attention to the following texts, by which I have sometimes been consoled and refreshed. 'Though I walk in the midst of trouble, Thou wilt revive me.' 'In the multitude of my thoughts within me, thy comforts delight my soul.' Why art thou cast down, O my soul! and why art thou disquieted within me? Hope in God, for I shall yet praise Him, who is the health of my countenance and my God."

The deep interest Jonathan Hutchinson felt in the welfare of the religious Society of which he was a member, led him frequently to introduce the subject in his correspondence. The following passages are selected from his letters:

"I find a spring of comfort and congratulation arise in my heart towards those who, of latter years, have attached themselves more closely and decidedly to the principles and practices of Friends, and in this view —— and —— have a place in that secret and sacred recess of my heart from which I think everything gross and selfish is the most excluded. Here it is that I love them, not so much for my own sake or for theirs exclusively, as for the Lord's sake, and for the sake of his blessed truth, and especially for the sake of that little church, which (however despised, overlooked, or misunderstood) is to those

who have been rightly initiated within its walls, and who abide on its immovable foundations, a quiet refuge and a peaceful sanctuary. For thus, without invidious comparison, I must be allowed to believe of it, and thus perhaps I may be allowed to persuade others to believe, in this inviting language, nearly that of an apostle, 'Come and have fellowship with us, for truly our fellowship is with the Father and with his Son Jesus Christ:' but not exclusively your privilege, some might object: I do not say this, but I am bold to avow, in the face of the whole world, that under the fastidious nickname by which we are designated (alluding to the term Quaker) after some examination and much reluctance to bearing its crosses, there still appears to me to be comprised and concealed, even under this very reproach, the most simple, unsophisticated, and essential form of Christian profession.

"Whilst no man perhaps thinks less than I do of 'the boast of heraldry and pomp of power,' whilst no man believes more fully than I do that the universal Parent made of one blood all the families of the earth, and therefore in his sight the soul of the master and the soul of the servant are alike inestimably precious; yet this persuasion does not in the least interfere with my further belief that it has pleased the same Almighty Creator and Governor of the world to appoint various classes and conditions of men in society, both civil and religious, and that it is also his will that not only these different classes, but each individual in every class, should contribute

to the good of the whole according to the talents bestowed upon him and his opportunities for exercising them.

"How much since we parted I have been comforted and strengthened by recurring to the passage which came so much before thee in our precious evening meeting at Lynn: 'My soul, wait thou only upon God, for my expectation is from Him.' So true it is that our minds want stirring up by way of remembrance, even of things whereof it might be supposed that we not only knew them before, but were fully established in them."

"To —— ——,

"We are said to be 'creatures of habit;' perhaps it is partly owing to this, having been used to little else, that I feel so much interest for the support and revival of small meetings. I forbear to particularize, because we have only to look around us, and these instances, like the shades of brighter days, will start up in multitudinous vision; not however visionary, but real remnants of once different things. They must entirely fall, unless the rising generation so lay it to heart, as like the Ezras and Nehemiahs of old, to arise and build not only their own houses, but the breaches in the walls and palaces of spiritual Jerusalem. Do not think me desponding. I know the worth of many individuals in very solitary situations. I have also a high opinion of the capacities and resources of my younger brethren and sisters; but I must confess that I long to see, before my departure

from this scene of visible things, a more decided dedication of their powers to the service of Him who gave them, and to the support of a Society which, without invidious comparison, I am bold to call, as to its principles, the first in the world; and were there a more general acting up to these principles by those who profess them, I am bold to say, the world, though now incredulous, 'should know it too.'"

We might search far for a more beautiful example of sustaining a small meeting than is to be found in the following incident recorded by this devoted follower of the Lord Jesus. Surely here we may find the truth of the declaration, 'Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there will I be in the midst of them.'

"At our meeting on Fourth-day last, which is usually very small, it so happened that myself, J. R., and L., made up the whole of it; when a little before the conclusion I thought it safe for me to tell them how much I had been desiring that they, my dear children by nature, might become the Lord's children by adoption; that so, when we should no longer assemble together as we then did, when I should sleep with my fathers, and be gathered to the house appointed for all living, they might be preserved wherever they go, and blessed in whatsoever they do. On rising from my seat to depart, I found myself so much affected, that, letting my children pass on before me, like one formerly, I almost unconsciously turned my face to the wall, and poured

out a secret libation to the God of the spirits of all flesh."

At another time, after expressing his concern that he might not be deprived of a lively sense of his own responsibilities as a parent and a Christian, he says, "There is one spot whereon, whether the storm makes sailing dangerous, or the calm renders it impracticable, I seldom cast anchor in vain; I mean in the endeavor not to seek great things, either spiritual or temporal, for myself. And yet even here, such is our weakness, and such are the snares that are laid for it, that without the renewed and quickening energy of Divine Wisdom and power, we may even in the quiet and pleasant harbor of humble resignation itself, become entangled or arrested in our course, so as to fall short of fighting the good fight of faith, or running with patience the race which heavenly illumination, and that only, can from time to time discover, or in Scriptural expression, set before us.

"Under the discouragements which the Christian meets with, both from within and without, and which I apprehend under one form or another must have been his companion in every age of the Church, the discovery of a kindred mind must always have been, as it now is, a very alleviating and cheering circumstance; which more than most other things confirms us in the hope that, notwithstanding all that through our declension has befallen us, we are not yet become a people forsaken of their God, but that such among us who truly fear Him are, as their forefathers were,

truly precious in his sight, and by the Spirit of his Son, are also like them made dear one unto another.

"How sweetly is the badge of discipleship, to which thou hast alluded, still found to characterize and unite individuals of similar experience, and how cementing its influence, when like a garment of fellowship, and a zone of concord, it pervades and encircles those solemn assemblies, convened, it is true, for the more immediate services of our own Society, but extending, may it not be hoped, through the medium of this universal love, a salubrious influence to the whole family of mankind! And here I would just observe, that our Yearly Meetings of later years, and especially at their close, have seemed to me to be remarkably distinguished by the prevalence and circulation of that charity which I have faintly attempted to describe."

In the year 1833, at the period of one of those solemn assemblies to which he alludes, being prevented by feeble health from attending, he thus addresses one of his valued friends:

"Being permitted to enjoy a degree of quietness in staying at home, which I hope is not the apathy of a false rest, I would not admit gloomy forebodings as to the Yearly Meeting; yet without either officiousness or an over-solicitude, I may perhaps express to thee a desire that attends me, that concerned Friends may watch with jealous care two great turning points, or leading principles of our Society, if not of Christianity itself; namely, the universality of Divine grace, and as I think was properly designated in a

general epistle a few years since, though it gave offence to some, the perceptible influence of this grace upon the mind of man. Were I to give up either of these points, I should resemble a vessel at sea without sail or rudder, the sport of winds and waves, and be consequently in great danger of making shipwreck of faith.

"There is also another point on which the watchmen and watchwomen on our walls may do well, both in meetings and out of them, to keep a quiet and steady eye. I mean the character of our adorable Redeemer in all his offices and attributes. Respecting which, if I may be allowed again to introduce myself, it will be to make the full and free acknowledgment, that, were it not for an assurance of the sufficiency of his atonement for sins past, of his mediation and advocacy for my every day faults, and finally of his love and mercy as a compassionate High Priest, touched with a feeling of my infirmities; and in this capacity at the great day of account, introducing my disembodied soul into the presence of that awful Majesty and ineffable Glory which otherwise I dare not approach, and could not behold: I say — were it not for hopes and expectations like these, I should not only be of all men, but of all animal existences, the most miserable. I might then envy the passing brute, and like one we read of, when congratulated on his worldly felicity, my heart would respond by a groan unutterable to his agonizing thought, 'O that I were that dog!'

"Well, here I stand, sometimes trembling stand,

as on the brink of eternity; and whatever worldly wisdom might think of it, this is the result of my experience. O that it may never cost another what through unbelief and disobedience it has cost me to attain it! But I believe it is now as it was formerly declared to be, because of unbelief that we do not *sooner* — and if unbelief is persisted in — *ever* enter into rest.

"If we did but leave our times on all subjects more quietly than we sometimes do in the Lord's hand, we should feel the better for it ourselves, and probably be less displeasing to Him. I am fully convinced of this, but often find myself failing in practice. A day however is approaching wherein this and all my other infirmities shall, I reverently hope, be covered with a mantle, purchased for me by the precious blood of the immaculate Lamb."

CHAPTER VI.

A FEW more extracts from the letters written towards the close of his life are now inserted. They present the blessings which a Christian believer enjoys in this life in an assured trust in the protecting care of Divine Providence, and in the lively hope of a blessed immortality; and may form a suitable finish to the portraiture which we have attempted of the character of this excellent man.

"Ah, how much do we owe to this Divine Providence which watcheth over us by day and by night, not only feeding and clothing us, not only preserving us from sudden and violent death, and all the greater calamities incident to our present state, but in an invisible and incomprehensible manner surrounding our path and our bed, and ordering minor things for us, beyond what we could ask or think. This is a slight sketch of my present faith very hastily expressed; should it prove like one of those transient interviews which we sometimes compare to iron sharpening iron, my end will be answered."

"To —— ——,

"How sweet is the union, and how delightful the communion, of saints! By this appellation I mean those, and those only, who, according to their mea-

sure, whatever that measure may be, are what they are 'through sanctification of the Spirit unto obedience and sprinkling of the blood of Jesus Christ,' a doctrine which, if fully admitted, leaves nothing for the creature to glory in, and leads to the humble acknowledgment that our sufficiency is not of ourselves, but of God. I am the more tenacious on this point, because there are not wanting, in the present as in past days, certain plausible popular speakers and writers, who, whilst they would not perhaps assert it in words, appear covertly to assume the untrue and dangerous opinion, that man is fully competent to his own concerns, spiritual and temporal. In both I believe he has need of the blessing and aid of a superintending Providence."

"To —— ——,

"Were it not for a little of the Christian's faith and hope, what should I — what should any of us sometimes do? As it is, though most unworthy, I sometimes endeavor to cling to these; commiserating, to a degree which I cannot fully express, those who unhappily want, because they seek not, or reject this support.

"Whither, ah! whither shall the confirmed unbeliever fly in the day when he is called to an account? This is a query that frequently and deeply affects me in contemplating the refined infidelity, the false, the bewildering philosophy of the present day, which so far as I can understand it, denies Christ in the most essential and important part of his character, even

his divinity. Inseparable from such a denial as this, is there not reason to fear, may be the awful and positive declaration of the Savior himself? 'Whosoever shall deny me before men, him will I also deny before my Father which is in heaven."

"To —— ——,

"That I may ever be found among the remnant, however small its number, who, under all circumstances, are desirous of pleasing and serving the Lord, is, I think, my continual and earnest desire. On the closest examination, I cannot discover, great as my weakness is, any change in this secret bent and purpose of my heart, which I therefore reverently hope is fixed, trusting in the Lord, and trusting also that, through the continued assistance of his grace, all may yet, before very long, end well for time and eternity. Thus impressed, I therefore conclude to wade and struggle on, deep and dark though the opposing waters be; for we know that although we are every way unworthy of the notice and love of our Redeemer, yet He is altogether worthy of ours. We know also that every blessing we can enjoy, temporal or spiritual, must proceed from Him: forsaking or forgetting Him, to whom then shall we go?

"I think I never before so clearly comprehended, or so highly appreciated the important Gospel doctrine of the forgiveness of sins, as during the cloudy and otherwise comfortless season of which I have attempted to give thee some idea. In the midst of surrounding gloom, this cheering and soul-sustaining

doctrine has been like a lantern to my feet, health and marrow to my bones—all in all to me. Grant me but this, O my Redeemer! I have been ready to cry, and I have nothing else to hope, to fear, and to pray for. Blessed, indeed, is the man whose transgressions are blotted out, and whose sins are pardoned: yea, happy, thrice happy, is the man to whom the Lord imputeth not sin. Covered with the robe of righteousness, clothed in the wedding garments of salvation and praise, even the forgiven sinner may triumphantly exclaim, 'Come, Lord Jesus! Come quickly! Thy poor, unworthy servant, leaning on thy mercy, is ready!'"

"To —— ——,

"It would be the depth of ingratitude not to acknowledge that, during my present confinement, I have been favored, and I hope I do not deceive myself, with the clearest and most satisfactory view of the Christian's faith and hope, or rather of his salvation, that I ever witnessed — a salvation which has appeared to me to consist in the forgiveness of sins, through the atoning sacrifice of the blood of Christ —in reconciliation with the Father, by the mediation and intercession of the same blessed advocate and Redeemer—in *power* over all the power of our soul's enemies; and finally, as the consequence and consummation of all these, in the promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come; even of a city that hath foundations — an inheritance eternal, incorruptible, that fadeth not away. Although I be-

lieve thou art much conversant on this deeply interesting subject, yet I do not think I could give thee an adequate idea of the preciousness of those moments, wherein light shone upon my tabernacle; nor how great my distress when, as in Peter's vision, the sheet was taken up again from whence it came."

"To —— ——,

"Here I would pause to observe, how entirely at this eleventh hour of my life, I feel dependent upon the atoning sacrifice of a Redeemer, or in other words, upon the mercy of God in and through Christ Jesus for the forgiveness of all my sins, both of omission and commission. For after all we have done, or can do, in the way of our duty, we are still but unprofitable servants, and shall at last have need of the intercession of that Great High Priest, who, touched with a feeling of our infirmities, can availingly plead for us—to Him then let us flee; to Him let us cleave.

"* * * * * * I seldom am more comfortable than when I feel the greatest charity for others, and the least indulgence for myself; desiring that whatever I may be denominated on earth, I may at last be numbered with the general assembly and church of the first-born, whose names are written in Heaven. And this Church, I rejoice in being able with increasing faith and hope to believe, is composed of every nation, kindred, tongue and people: yea, of every individual who feareth God and worketh righteousness.

"A poor, irresolute, and fallen creature, is desirous of obtaining a crown immortal, by 'fighting the good fight of faith,' against those potent enemies, the world, the flesh, and the devil; the *world*, in all its seductive and terrific vicissitudes; the *flesh*, in its corruptions; and the *devil*, in the plenitude of his malevolence and power. O! merciful and omnipotent Lord God, be pleased to assist a trembling sinner in this unequal warfare, or the victory can never be obtained; but through thy aid in Christ Jesus we may be made more than conquerors. With Thee, all things are possible, and thy strength is made perfect in human weakness. As without Thee nothing that is truly good can prosper, so against thy holy will and power, nothing that is evil shall ever be able to prevail.

"O most gracious God! be pleased for thy great Name's sake, thy dear Son's sake, and my immortal soul's sake, to forgive the manifold infirmities of a vain and roving imagination. Pardon, I humbly and reverently pray Thee, the mighty sins of my youth by actual transgression; and if it be not too much to implore even of thy infinite mercy, love me freely. When I groan the unspeakable groan, incline thine ear to hear; when I shed—alas, how seldom!—the tear of contrition, put it into thy bottle; and if ever at thy command, and by the assistance of thy grace, I have performed the least work of faith and obedience, let it be recorded in thy book of remembrance, that through the intercession of thy appointed

Mediator, I may finally be emboldened to render up my account, with humble confidence and trembling joy."

In the early part of the second month, 1835, Jonathan Hutchinson was taken alarmingly ill whilst on a visit to one of his sons; and for several days there appeared to himself and those about him but little prospect of his recovery. Throughout the whole of this illness, during which his sufferings were at times very severe, he was mercifully preserved in great patience, and resignation to the Divine will. To a friend who visited him, he remarked, "When the world is receding from us, and eternity opening to our view, how precious it is to have an interest in a Redeemer! how delightful it is to know Him to be our Redeemer, our Mediator, our Advocate with the Father, and above all our Saviour!" As the prospect of a separation from his friends increased, he was very anxious to bear his testimony to the reality and efficacy of the immediate visitations of the Spirit of Truth, of the operations of which he gave some remarkable instances in his own experience.

After a few weeks, he so far recovered as to be able to return home, where his health and strength gradually improved. The evening before his death he spent very cheerfully with his family, and retired to rest as well as usual. About two in the morning, he was seized with violent pain in the chest, which continued with but little intermission for about an

hour. During this time he was perfectly sensible, and at times supplicated for ease. This was mercifully granted about three, and after a few minutes of peaceful tranquillity, he gently ceased to breathe —on the first of the fourth month, 1835, in the seventy-sixth year of his age.

A TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY OF JONATHAN HUTCHINSON.

BY J. J. GURNEY.

"It was on a beautiful bright day of sunshine, when his favorite green Gedney looked greener than usual, that my late dear wife and myself attended the funeral of my beloved friend and father in the truth, Jonathan Hutchinson. A great many friends were convened from different places, and the villagers of the place and neighborhood flocked in large numbers, and in their most decent dresses, to pay their last token of respect to 'the best man of Gedney.' 'So the best man in Gedney is gone,' said one poor laborer to another. 'What!' said the other, 'is Mr. Hutchinson dead?' His remains were deposited in a little family burying-ground, not very far from his own home, where his respectable though not wealthy predecessors had been laid in their turns during several generations, and which he had taken the pains to plant with considerable taste. Indeed it was truly remarkable with what skill this ardent and almost poetic lover of nature, had contrived to adorn, by judicious planting, the small estate of rich pasture land which he inherited from his ancestors, who had possessed and occupied the same little farm as he did

for the period, as I understand, of about two hundred years, never rising above or falling below the rank of reputable yeomen; and since the rise of Friends, members of that religious Society. Nothing can be said of the picturesque appearance of low Lincolnshire; but to this general remark, his little domain, cultivated and adorned as it was by its late beloved owner, forms a striking exception.

"To revert to the funeral; it was an occasion of precious, comforting solemnity. The meeting-house is at the distance of a mile from the place of interment; but the assembled company followed the train of friends and relations, first to the grave, and afterwards to the meeting, in the most orderly manner. The meeting afforded a full opportunity for reverent waiting upon the Lord, and for the preaching of the glorious Gospel of our Holy Redeemer: at the grave, the thickening circle of friends and neighbors were also addressed; all seemed united not only in a sense of their own great loss, but in some view and apprehension of his blessedness — the blessedness of one who had lived and died in the Lord. The striking mark of affection and respect which was shown on that day by the inhabitants of a rather extensive district around his home, was obviously the result of the influence which is gradually obtained over a surrounding population by the weight of sound, practical, but unostentatious Christianity. The good man was gone; the meek, kind, humble, generous neighbor was no more; and many were they of every de-

scription who seemed ready to rally round his grave in the remembrance of his virtues.

"Never did I meet with a fellow pilgrim towards the heavenly Zion, who was more acutely and more constantly alive to his own demerits. He used to tell me that this was a point on which his many afflictions peculiarly led him to dwell. 'Never mind,' would he say, 'I am fully aware that whatsoever it befalls me to suffer, I deserve it; and that whatsoever of comfort and happiness is cast into my cup of mixture, it is all of unmerited kindness and mercy.' He knew much of the depth of the fall of man, and of the extent and awfulness of his ruin by nature; and just in proportion to his visions and feelings on this subject, was his estimate of the infinite value of Jesus —Immanuel—the Saviour of mankind.

"It was at an early period of our acquaintance that we were companions on the committee of the Yearly Meeting appointed to try the appeal of the late Thomas Foster, who had been disowned for holding and propagating Unitarian sentiments. After the committee had come to the conclusion to confirm the disownment, and had settled down into deep and solemn silence, it was Jonathan Hutchinson who broke that silence in the following expressions: 'I know not how my brethren may be affected, but I heartily rejoice in the decision of the committee; for as it regards myself, I can indeed say with truth, that without Christ I should be of all men most miserable.' These words indicated the constant tenor of his mind on the subject of religion; and whilst he

never let down the standard of practical piety, and ever pleaded for that Divine influence which can alone prepare us for heaven, he was anxious that in the declarations and writings of his friends, the door should be left fully open for the poor penitent who even at the eleventh hour, even in his latest extremity, like the thief on the cross, should turn with all his heart and in simple faith, to Him in whom dwells all the fulness of saving righteousness and forgiving mercy.

"He was humble in a larger and deeper sense of the expression than is often the case even with experienced Christians, and looked back with many tears, and sometimes with conflict of spirit, to the wanderings of his early days. I am not aware that he ever indulged in the vices, or even much of the gaiety of the world; but his imagination was fertile, he was of a contemplative turn of mind, and he was at one time during his early manhood much inclined to a hard-hearted speculative unbelief, a state of mind closely connected with the pride of intellect, and an almost obstinate unwillingness to sacrifice his independence, and to bow his neck under the yoke of Christ. He spent much of his time, I believe, in solitary rides over the country, when his mind had full leisure to roam at large in those regions of dangerous speculation to which he was prone; but the Lord met with him on his way by some remarkable visitations, and thus brought him home to himself in the ever-blessed covenant of light and life.

"Living in a retired village, the principal member

of a very small meeting, and belonging to a Quarterly Meeting, the members of which were by no means numerous, and scattered over an extensive district, our dear friend enjoyed far less frequent opportunities of religious association than fall to the lot of many of his brethren. He presented a remarkable example of that silent growth in grace, of that gradual deepening of the root, and unfolding of the precious plant above, which is sometimes effected by virtue of the dews and rains of heaven with very little of human instrumentality—the advancing process being little perceptible from day to day to the beholders, much less to the individual who is growing, but nevertheless real, 'first the blade, then the ear, then the full corn in the ear.' I have often found occasion to observe in visiting friends in various parts of the country, that it is not always those who have the greatest advantages in point of outward administration who make the greatest progress in the Truth. I have sometimes found brethren and sisters in solitary places—young people as well as old—who very seldom enjoyed the privilege of hearing the Gospel preached, but who nevertheless were evidently living under the enlivening, guiding, and restraining influences of the Holy Spirit. Just such was eminently the subject of this memoir; though he had once been a revolter against the Lord, and though but little of human help fell to his portion he had his blessed share in the fulfilment of tha gracious promise, 'I will be as the dew unto Israel

he shall grow as the lily, and cast forth his roots as Lebanon.'

"While the experience of very many in our Society affords a proof of the excellence of those principles which tend to wean us from every arm of flesh, and to bring us into immediate dependence on Him in whom are our *springs*, there is nothing in this experience which in any degree justifies the neglect of those lawful and profitable means of religious edification which our heavenly Father has placed within our reach. Among the most important of these means is the perusal of the Holy Scriptures. Our late beloved friend was diligent in the performance of this duty—a duty which perfectly coincided with that devotional taste which now marked his character. He loved the Scriptures, as containing the message of his God, a message unutterably dear to him because it testified of Christ; nor were any parts of the volume so precious to him, as those which set forth the helplessness and corruption of fallen man on one hand, and the treasures of redeeming love on the other. The humiliations of David, and the love, faith, and allegiance of Paul, were equally familiar to his penitent spirit.

"Another means of spiritual benefit in the use of which Jonathan Hutchinson was remarkably diligent, was the regular attendance of his meetings, both for worship and discipline. In order to be present at the latter, in which his weight of character and sound discretion gave him large influence, he was accustomed to pass much of his time in travelling;

for his Monthly Meeting was generally held at places considerably distant from Gedney, and his Quarterly Meetings at Lincoln, fifty miles from his home. No inclemency of weather, no controllable inconvenience, prevented his regularly attending these meetings, greatly to the comfort of his friends; nor was the time passed in solitude on the road an idle time to him. His thoughts and contemplations were upon God, upon his people, upon his precious cause.

"I never knew Jonathan Hutchinson as a husband, for his wife was dead before our acquaintance commenced; but I can testify that he was a tender, affectionate, careful father. With his two daughters, Rachel and Lydia, he kept up an intimate, individual friendship. They both married, and died in their confinement: Lydia in her father's lifetime, Rachel after his death. Their memory is dear to me; for they were worthy of their parent, and fondly cherished him as the object of their unfeigned reverence as well as love. He was a person of far too good sense to attempt an escape from his true sphere of life, or to neglect the business by which he maintained his family. He was a skilful, practical farmer, exceeded, I believe, by none of his neighbors in such matters; yet he was very far superior to the generality of persons of his class in point of intellectual cultivation. He read much and variously, and thought deeply and largely on many subjects; nor did he neglect the wholesome cultivation even of the imagination. He was fond of poetry, and I venture to assert that the beauties of nature were to him clothed in

almost double brightness. No man better understood the meaning of the poet's words, 'My Father made them all.'

"With such pursuits, tastes, and habits of mind, and with a disposition remarkably formed for friendship, he was a choice companion to all who shared an intimate association with him, both old and young. One hour of *tête-à-tête* with him, never failed to be a source of pure pleasure to me; for the resources of his mind were rich, and the glow of religion was over them all. Our close agreement on all points of a religious nature, and on many of a merely intellectual character, was the means of bringing us into a near and easy friendship, which I shall, I believe, always look back upon as one of the choicest privileges of my life.

"Before I conclude, I would say a few words on the subject of his ministry. It was very peculiar, being a large gift in a few words. His communications were almost uniformly very short; seldom continued for more than a few minutes; but they were remarkably full of matter, evangelical in substance, simple in manner, and lively through the power of the Holy Spirit. They were often that on which the contemplative mind might dwell for hours. In prayer he was fervent, humble, simple, and emphatic.

"A painful disease, I believe in the heart, carried him off very suddenly. The unexpected attack came on in the course of the night, after he had retired to rest considerably better than usual. The pain was violent,

though short; and death ensued without the opportunity of any expression except a very short prayer, and I may add, without a struggle. Surely this beloved friend, this humble devoted Christian, rests in Jesus; surely when Christ, who is our life, shall appear, he will appear with Him in glory. May I die the death of the righteous; and may my last end be like his! Amen and amen.

"J. J. GURNEY.

"*On board the Monongahela, from Liverpool to Philadelphia, 7 mo.* 22, 1837."

SELECTIONS

FROM THE

LETTERS OF JONATHAN HUTCHINSON.

To Joseph Gurney.

"1807, 4 mo. 11.—I feel a liberty to give thee some account of my own journeying thus far through the devious paths of life. Although I received but a common education, yet I contracted at an early period a much greater inclination to the pursuit of abstract and metaphysical inquiries than simple and obvious truths. By this means, as might be expected, my incautious and inexperienced feet soon became entangled in the snares of that vain and false philosophy, which, according to the beautiful language of the poet, only 'leads to bewilder and dazzles to blind,' and so perplexes the mind with shade after shade, that doubt succeeding doubt, like still ascending mountains, at length presents an awful and almost inaccessible barrier between the soul and its God.

"Well, my dear friend, through this land of darkness and shadow of death I have wandered, where none knows but myself, and few could believe what I met with. Suffice it at present to say, that even

here Divine mercy and regard were manifested for my deliverance, sometimes by the melting language of invitation and love, and at others by stripe deservedly succeeding stripe. But alas! I had become such an enemy to the Cross, and was so desirous of finding an easier way to the kingdom than by it, that it was not until I had tried almost everything, and was reduced by the mere force of mental affliction, that I could be prevailed upon to submit to its salutary discipline: since which — as indeed infinite is the obligation — I hope I have not been wilfully rebellious; but though in much weakness and fear, yet, I trust, in some good degree of simplicity and sincerity, I have endeavored to run with patience the race that is set before me.

"But that which has most particularly impressed me as matter for serious communication, is an apprehension that has for some time attended me, that in this day of too general departure from the ancient paths of simplicity and truth which our forefathers believed it their duty to walk in, those who may be designed by Infinite Wisdom to support the characters of such judges as the first, and such counsellors as were found in the beginning of our Society—and who from the fewness of their numbers and the solitude of their situations, may be compared to one of a city, and two of a family—will have to go *deep into suffering*. And though it is very far from my design either to weaken or depreciate the strong and tender ties of natural affection, domestic endearment, or social love, which not only form what is most estima-

ble in the bond of outward union, but as sweeteners of the mingled cup of life are enjoyments which I believe religion allows us freely to partake of, — yet I also believe that some of those who are obedient to the call above mentioned, will have to pass through trials similar to what not unfrequently have attended newly-convinced persons, experiencing the truth of our Lord's declaration, that He came not to send peace on earth, but a sword. This at first sight appears so hard a saying, that we are ready to say, Who indeed can bear it? yet though the trial still remains, the difficulty seems much reconciled by considering that the difference in question is of a nature which does not lessen the affection of the true disciple towards those from whom he may nevertheless feel himself bound to dissent, both in judgment and practice: though for a time, for want of being fully understood by them, it may fare with him as with the apostle formerly, "The more he loves, the less he is loved."

"This is a situation which surely may be compared to Jacob's trouble, wherein the mind, clothed with unusual sensibility, and peculiarly alive to every tender impulse and painful emotion, feels a contemptuous look or a reproachful word, to be like a sharp sword, aiming, and alas often too successfully, a wounding blow at the heart, which seems to exceed in poignancy and anguish, even what we have ever conceived to be the pangs of natural death, and which we also feel to be dangerous. O may it never be destructive to that spiritual life, which is hid from the

wise and prudent of this world; for did they behold it, charity inclines us to hope, they would not thus persecute it.

"In these seasons of deep probation, may we remember for our encouragement, that the Captain of our salvation was made perfect through sufferings,—that He was treated with every kind of ignominy and insult, and finally in the opinion of men led to a shameful and inglorious death. And may the remembrance of these things animate us with fresh courage to renew our endeavors to follow him even to Calvary, bearing his reproach.

"I hope thou wilt not consider what has dropped from me on these serious subjects as calculated to throw unnecessary gloom or difficulty upon the narrow way which leads to life. I am, at least if I know my own heart, very differently disposed, and would, were it possible, as many are vainly endeavoring to do, strew it with flowers; but I know too well the folly of such an attempt. I think I have found, by an experience purchased at no easy rate, that the divine truths of the Christian religion will not bend to accommodate the selfish views of the natural man. No, immovable as the rock from whence they sprang, they will, like it, for ever bid defiance to all the opposition which the united powers of violence and sophistry can bring against them. What I then so earnestly covet, and which seems to be the ground of my present exercise for myself and for thee, is, that we may become more and more firmly established in these inestimable, essential, and unchangeable

truths; that our hearts may indeed become fixed, trusting in the Lord alone; and that we may be so built upon Him, as never more to be separated from his love."

To Joseph Gurney.

"1809, 10 mo. 28.—As to hope, even that of the hypocrite, I do not know that I need accuse myself, seeing I generally find it so difficult to keep hope of any sort alive in my breast. Indeed to thee I may say, in our reciprocal freedom, that one of my sorest conflicts is, and has been much of my life, with reiterated temptations, to cast it quite away. And I find, as perhaps thou mayst have also found, that by looking too much outward, either into the general state of the world, at the desolations in our Society, or upon the inexplicable nature of our own individual trials, these temptations acquire at seasons an almost invincible strength; so that, by a choice of difficulties of the most awful kind, we are compelled to adopt the apostle's practice, to avert our eyes from these discouraging prospects, and fix them upon things which are unseen and eternal — upon that power and wisdom which are from above, and which only can deliver us from temptation. Yes, my dear friend, though an admirer of the noble faculty of human reason, and, like minds of a similar cast, betrayed, as I often have been, by this admiration, into unprofitable theories; yet I think few have more painfully experienced its utter incompetence to guide

us safely through this state of deep probation, or to preserve us in a situation of divine acceptance. I have often, very often, been brought down, as from the tree of knowledge, and the mountain of speculation, and reduced to extremity, wherein, as with the weakness of a little child, and the simplicity of a fool, I have, partly in broken expression, but more frequently in that language which cannot be uttered, begged for preservation; and that the Lord would not forsake me in my passage through this world, which, amidst all that beauty my heart has so much admired and enjoyed, has yet, in the course of its vicissitudes, often assumed in my view the form of a waste, howling wilderness. Somewhat after this manner, both for myself and my dear friends, wherever scattered outwardly or however captivated spiritually, I was, after a night partly spent in much exercise, enabled yesterday morning to supplicate with tears. This I esteemed a great favor, as not being at my own command, nor at all congenial to the natural hardness, or, if thou please, unbelief of my heart.

"I observe, with concern, that the conflicts of—— have terminated in a conclusion to leave the Society. Whatever they may think, I do not believe they will find a better, though perhaps, to the natural part, an easier way. This conclusion is not, I think, either the result of prejudice or education, but (with such abilities as I possess) of a careful investigation of the subject, with a strong natural propensity towards greater liberty than consistency with our profession allows. For the sake of a way less narrow, and per-

haps partly aware and ashamed of my own deviations, than which nothing exposes us more to contempt, I have in early life wished I had not been born in the Society. In the folly and exultation of my inexperienced mind, I have said, I could not see the necessity of carrying a badge of Quakerism about me. And yet, after all this, I have been induced, from conviction, to submit to part with things which I once highly valued, and to take up others which I equally despised. And though I am willing to grant that our inconsistencies may have been stumbling-blocks, yet I cannot believe that our principles, with all the restraints that they impose, can ever become so in any other view than that wherein Christ crucified was to the Jews a stumbling-block and to the Greeks foolishness.

"I also believe that those peculiar testimonies, as we generally call them, which distinguish us from other religious professions, stand upon an immutable foundation; being not only consonant with the doctrines of the Gospel, and with the rules of the purest morality, but with the deepest researches also, and the most sublime and profound philosophy, although at the latter observation I am aware that the world would smile. I will venture, however, to ask it, whether silent worship, for which we are perhaps as much distinguished and derided as for any peculiarity we possess — I would ask the world whether this strange thing will not bear the trial I have proposed. If, therefore, I were to address these wanderers from our fold, it perhaps would be in the expostulatory

language of our Lord, when many were departing from Him, 'Will ye also go away?' reminding them also of Peter's answer, 'To whom shall we go?' and without invidious comparison, when all things are fairly taken into account, not forgetting even our desolations, I think we may say on the present occasion, 'To whom indeed shall we go?' I trust I can unite with thee in desire that the Truth might arise into dominion, in its own dignified authority; but we must be willing to wade through low and suffering times, in patience endeavoring to possess our souls, and thankful if our own lives are but mercifully given us for a prey."

"To Elizabeth Storr.

"1810, 1 mo. 23. — I trust our reciprocal regard, which has borne the trial of time and many changeful events, will not now, when life is verging towards its decline, forsake us; but (should such make a part of the future felicity of the righteous, and we be happily numbered among them) I would rather hope that this mutual esteem may accompany us into regions celestial, where, with many a dear friend gone before us, we may unite in praising that great and worthy name, which has preserved through many tribulations and temptations, to his heavenly kingdom; for it is through these, if admitted at all, that we must obtain an entrance.

"Wherefore may we, my dear friend, not looking

too much at those we have already passed through 'as things which are behind,' rather endeavor after a pressing forward 'toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus.' In this pursuit, may we with patience and resignation meet every event which may yet remain as a constituent portion of the full measure of our afflictions.

"My mind has dwelt often in solitude; and yet to this solitude, though naturally fond of society, I am become much more reconciled than some might suppose. Indeed, the solemnity of my introduction into deep mental retirement, and the repetition of strokes over which I had no control, seem, in a language at once dignified and awful, to have proclaimed acquiescence throughout every faculty of the mind. But though thus forbidden to complain, I am still left to feel; to my severest feelings I endeavor to oppose a consideration of the many favors yet left me; among which I think none stands more exalted in my view, than the lengthening time afforded me as an opportunity for bewailing the follies and errors of my youth, and for endeavoring to work out, though at seasons attended with many fears, the most important business of the soul's salvation."

"To Elizabeth Storr.

"1812, 8 mo. 30.—The kind attentions and opinions of my friends sometimes humble me; for though I think I behold in the practice of Christianity a beautiful and inestimable object to aim at, and am at times concerned to recommend the glorious attainment of it to others, yet in pressing after it my own conflicts are such, that I can pretty often feelingly apply to myself this line of one of our admired poets —

"'For me, scarce hoping to obtain that rest.'

"Is it not strange, that after all I have in mercy suffered, there should yet be in me the least inclination to deviate from the paths of holiness and peace, or to linger in the way of manifested duty? In spite of self-love this is surprising, and must surely rank among the most incontestable proofs of a fallen nature, and of the consequent need I have of a compassionate and powerful Redeemer. These considerations are humbling to the natural mind; but let us not faint, though I am ready to think that not only myself, but many others cannot dwell much too low to be just above despair. This might appear almost to some a frightful sentiment, but it will not, I believe, much alarm thee; for it may probably form a part of thy experience, that those who know the most of their Creator and themselves, are by this knowledge baptized into deep humiliation; yea, such at seasons is their abasement under a view of the Divine

mercy and forbearance on one hand, and their own omissions and commissions on the other, that with the poor publican they are not only ready to smite upon the breast, but are even prepared to go a little way with the scribe also, in concluding themselves not as other men are.

"Here their paths divide: it was the effect of his self-righteousness to *think* himself better than others, but it is that of the Christian's self-knowledge to *feel* himself, worse than those with whom he was acquainted, so that taking all things into the account, he charges himself, as the great Apostle did, with being the chief of sinners. But when brought to such a sight and sense as this, may the repenting and returning prodigal never forget that he has a Saviour, a Mediator, an Advocate with the Father; and may he never forget tremblingly to rejoice in Him. For if there be a class of mankind who are more than others the objects of redeeming love and mercy, it might seem to be these sinners, the unworthiest and vilest of the human race. So that to my own often depressed mind I would say, 'As thou hast received mercy, and hast tasted that the Lord is gracious, see that thou faint not, nor grow weary in well-doing.'

"My hearing is restored, and with my general health has, since my returning from the yearly meeting, been pretty good. My friend C. F. has charitably supposed me to be established upon a foundation which the privation of these might not materially affect. I hope this may in some degree be the case.

My prospects are indeed much changed, so that when I can hope myself within the pale of mercy, death appears rather as a friend than an enemy. I feel with poor Job, that 'I would not live always;' that my sins and follies, with their needful corrections, have so embittered the present state of being, as to make it, upon the whole, a wearisome though an important pilgrimage. I am thankful, however, under all my prospects, past, present, and future, for a desire which attends me, that patience may have its perfect work, and that I may wait in humble resignation the appointed time till my change come; and not only so, but endeavor to be content and thankful for the many blessings, both spiritual and temporal, which are still graciously vouchsafed to me, amongst which I remember 'friendship's cordial balm.'"

"To Joseph Gurney.

1813, 1 mo. 7.—I am desirous of keeping in myself an eye of faith and hope (I speak with reverence) steadily fixed upon that God from whose bosom Jesus descended to this lower world, and upon that heaven to which He ascended when He left it, and where, as our Advocate, He now sits enthroned in glory at the right hand of his Father, making intercession for us. So that whilst I unequivocally allow that no man knoweth the Father but the Son, and he to whom the Son will reveal him; that this revelation of the Son is in and by the Spirit; and that

the manifestations of this Spirit are in the heart; yet I am also cheered and consoled by the intellectual prospect or hope which I have just been faintly attempting to describe, though I find it difficult to express by words an idea so full of beatitude."

"To —— ——.

"1817, 4 mo. 29.—As my mind is sometimes occupied on the subject of *Unitarianism*, on the pains that are taking to propagate it in this country, and of the inroads which in some instances it has made even into our borders, it may not appear surprising that intercourse with one who seems likely to become an avowed and public opposer of it, should turn my serious thoughts into such a channel. Accordingly this I found to be the case when lately with thee, and this I find to be the case when thus addressing thee.

"I believe I said when we were together, that I had a strong controversy with this pernicious (tho' I know it is a popular) thing, and that I thought the transition easy from it to *Deism* — an opinion which I am so far from retracting, that I was about to illustrate it a little by saying, that if on close analysis any difference between them can be found, I think it would be but a shade—that the distance from one to the other is only a step—and that this one step is rendered peculiarly easy, by its being on the descent —and though I would not say that *Atheism* is a ne-

cessary consequence of the systems already mentioned, yet I verily believe it lies but a few steps lower on the same declining scale.

"When a man once loses his hold on the Divinity of Christ, he seems to me to part with Him as his Saviour, and to substitute his own self-sufficiency for the 'grace and truth that came by Jesus Christ;' and by doing this, I should apprehend he must be in great danger of becoming either lukewarm* in religion, or a skeptical wrangler about it. Of the first, we know what is said in the New Testament, and the character of the last is, I think, well delineated under one class of Milton's fallen angels, who, although

"'They reasoned high . . .
Yet found no end in wandering mazes lost.'

"Having spoken of the danger and facility of declining from one wrong step to another, leads me to the observation that right steps are generally considered to be either straight forward or ascending—'Let thine eyes look right on, and thine eyelids look straight before thee.' Jacob's ladder reached from earth to heaven—and as to the comparative difficulty and ease between good and evil, I think some poet has said

"'The way to Heaven is rough and hard,
Smooth, easy, inoffensive, down to Hell;'

an idea that seems to be corroborated by this declaration: 'Wide is the gate and broad is the way that

* Rev. iii. 16.

leadeth to destruction;' 'Straight is the gate and narrow is the way which leadeth unto life.' Oh, then, that all the dear unwary youth especially might not only be aware, but alarmed at the danger of taking one false step, either in opinion or practice—as in either case there is no saying where they may stop—indeed, I am inclined to think that this step is seldom made at option, but that practice will soon follow as a necessary and natural consequence."

"To H. C. Backhouse.

"1822, 8 mo. 31.—I still indulge a hope that Christian perfection itself remains to be as lovely in my eyes as ever, and so attractive, that under all repulses and drawbacks, I cannot help feebly—alas! that it should be so feebly!—pressing after it; with what success is known only to that Being who seeth not as man seeth, and whose thoughts being higher than our thoughts, and his ways higher than our ways, judgeth us, as we have cause to believe, by a very different rule to that by which we measure ourselves and one another.

"How far advanced on the scale of the perfection just hinted at was the dignified apostle of the Gentiles! This, notwithstanding the humble views he gives us of his own apprehended attainments, is evident from the acknowledgments which truth, and a desire to edify others, sometimes extorted, as it were, from his lips or his pen. In 2 Cor. xi. 23–28, after

recapitulating the almost unparalleled sufferings and dangers that attended his Christian course, we find him making this important and striking addition: 'Besides those things that are without, that which cometh upon me daily, the care of all the churches.'

"Whether we view the apostle Paul's character by parts, or as a whole, we can scarcely refrain from an astonishment attended with this peculiarity, that however surprised, we are neither offended nor dismayed: on the contrary, we seem so united to him by affection, admiration and sympathy, as almost to feel ourselves in his company; at least we return from our meditation with renewed desire to run like him with patience the race set before us, and to be found with him in the footsteps of the flock of Christ's companions.

"I really felt, and still feel, affected by the perusal of the intimate exposure of thy sufferings, bodily and mental, which thou hast laid before me, and I perhaps feel the more sensibly on this point, from the lively recollection thereby excited of things which, under various circumstances and at different periods of my life, I have also suffered; especially of that which appears to have been a grievous annoyance to the heaven-bound traveller, in ancient as well as in the present times, that 'when we would do good, evil is present with us.'

"Perhaps there are few of our spiritual trials more perplexing than this, which may account for the memorable exclamation, 'O wretched man that I am,' &c.; and when accompanied by reduction from other

causes, it must have an additional tendency to keep us weak and low, which may very possibly be the design of him who thus assails by his darts, and seeks to overwhelm us by his floods. For I believe it is an old trick of this our adversary to place evil before some minds at such times and in such a way, as that he may more easily succeed in another of his deepest devices, by persuading them that they have in thought at least joined with some of his temptations, though from the very bottom of their souls they feel the deepest abhorrence of them all. But as one of our early friends has well observed, though these things may be called *our* temptations or buffetings, yet they are the sins of the enemy and not ours, as he would falsely insinuate; and we may therefore return them to whom they belong, endeavoring at the same time to be as quiet as we can; and thus in due time we may find, as I trust thou hast repeatedly found to thy comfort, that 'when the enemy comes in like a flood, the Spirit of the Lord lifts up a standard against him.'

"In the early part of my own life I was dreadfully harassed by evil suggestions, involuntarily excited in my mind, and charged upon me as sins; and being in a state of unbelief and disobedience, instead of being faithful and submissive to that which could only have wrought my deliverance, what I suffered in these conflicts is indescribable; and so artful was the author of them, that they were of a character which I could not disclose. I was therefore almost distracted, and concluded that there was not such

another case in the world as mine. How far this might be I cannot tell, though it is probable that it also was false, and intended to finish the business of driving me to despair; for ever since I became more willing to make the best use of my afflictions, either by endeavoring to bear them patiently, or by seeking and accepting a hand of help, I have seldom met with a trial that has not its parallel in the experiences of others; leading me to conclude that no new thing has happened to me; and that according to the consoling language of 1 Cor. x. 13, no temptation has taken me but such as is common to man.

"I am aware that self is a dangerous enemy, and requires much watching against; but as in our speculations we are very prone to push even good things too far, I am not quite certain that we do not in this way sometimes refine too much upon what we call self-love, and for fear of indulging it improperly, really refuse or pass by the comfort, help, and strength which are mercifully designed us. The being commanded to love others as ourselves, appears to be so far from precluding a necessary care for our own preservation and happiness, that the manner in which it is supposed we shall, and the degree in which it is allowed we may, love ourselves, seem not only to be recognized by this simple and sublime precept, but to be made the standard and criterion of our feelings, and of our behavior towards others. And surely as it is lawful for a drowning man to use means for his deliverance, so surely do I believe that it is not only allowable, but a duty for the sinking mind to accept,

with gratitude to its great Preserver, any of the various means which He may be pleased to offer for its assistance, amongst which the records and communications of those who have travelled, or who are travelling the same path, may form no inconsiderable part. Witness in this respect the incalculable value of the Holy Scriptures, as well as the oral and written testimonies even of our cotemporaries.

"We have a chain of evidence, and a cloud of witnesses, male and female, old and young, high and low, learned and unlearned, all testifying to a truth, from which it seems equally difficult to withhold our assent, or refuse to accept consolation, that in all our baptisms and exercises no new thing has happened to us."

"To J. and K. Foster.

"1825, 7 mo. 11. — It need not surprise us, if a friendship, disinterested as I think ours has been from its commencement, should be rather mellowed than impaired by time; or in other words, if that love which began in natural affinities and associations should be improved by something better: and that if we are favored to grow in grace, the operation of this sublime principle will not only add to, but ratify and purify every amiable and good disposition whereof we are capable, of which love to God and love to each other will be acknowledged to stand foremost. And judging by the tenderness with which of later time I often remember you, in connexion with the

great uncertainty of our all meeting again in mutability, I have thought it possible that the feelings to which I have alluded may not only exist, but have an infinite expansion beyond the grave. I am aware, however, that this is among the secret things which it is not given us in our present state to know; yet the contemplation is so delightful to the Christian, and the hope so prevalent in the breast wherein at seasons hope deigns to make its abode, that it is difficult, and I trust not necessary, to dismiss either one or the other entirely from our minds.

"I have mentioned hope, by which I mean the hope which maketh not ashamed, and which rests entirely on the mercy of God in Christ Jesus, as an occasional rather than a constant visitant, for such indeed I find it. Yes, my dear friends, to you I am free to confess that there are times when a remembrance of the sins of my youth, a sense of present infirmities, and a feeling of utter unworthiness of Divine regard, so press upon me, that whilst I cannot hope, I feel it to be too awful a thing to despair. Thus circumstanced, I find the only alternative to be, waiting in as much stillness as I can, and watching unto prayer, for the return of that morning light, before which the mists of the night flee away, and which, as patience has been sufficiently abode in, has never yet, and I trust never will, deceive or disappoint me, though I may sometimes, at least according to my own limited conceptions, have had to wait long.

"I express myself on this important subject with

the greater freedom, because of the humble spiritual views which I believe you entertain of yourselves—because of those castings down and disquietings whereof David speaks, and to which the weight of years may make you increasingly subject; and lastly, because of my own experience in these deep humiliations; being at the present juncture just emerging from one of those darksome plunges to which I have alluded, and from which, had I not been thus favored a little to ascend, it is not probable you would now have heard from me. As it is, and I hope you will be enabled to rejoice with me, I have been enabled to adopt, as a morning hymn of thanksgiving and praise, much of the beautiful language of the one hundred and third Psalm, which you will find on perusal to be full of consolation and encouragement to the exercised mind."

"To Richard Cockin.

"1830, 4 mo. 22.—That sufferings abound in the world, in the church, and in private life, neither of us has need to be reminded, and therefore, though it is well to guard every point, I have thought thy caution, that, 'elderly persons should beware of supineness,' may not be so applicable to thee and me, as the danger of a contrary extreme from undue discouragement, because of the trials that surround us, and of fainting — not sleeping — under the burdens of our day.

"For myself, I may acknowledge that herein consists my greatest apprehension of falling short in the path of duty; so much so, that sometimes, when hard pressed from without, and a sense of divine support low within, I fly to the Scriptures for refuge, and am at seasons not a little comforted and strengthened by so doing. On one of these occasions lately, my grain of faith and hope was increased, by a clearer view of the parable of the unjust Judge and the importunate Widow, than I remember to have had before. If a wicked mortal, from no worthier a motive than his own ease, would grant a petition, how much more probable, even to the eye of reason, is it, that a Being, whose very essence is love, and who is clothed with every perfect and adorable attribute, should listen to the prayers of his poor and afflicted children, and, in the language of the text, avenge his own elect, who cry day and night unto Him; though, to their fearful hearts, He may seem at times to delay his coming, and bear long with them.

"Innumerable are the passages, both in the Old and New Testament Scriptures, from which the Christian traveller may derive comfort and support, in low and trying seasons; especially from such precious promises and assurances of the blessed Redeemer as these: 'Fear not, little flock, for it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom.' (Luke xii. 32.) 'Let not your heart be troubled; ye believe in God, believe also in me.' (John xiv. 1.) And again, 'Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid.' (John xiv. 27.) Indeed the whole

of this chapter is a series of encouragement, instruction, and comfort.

"What a treasure, then, is the Bible! This is so much my real sentiment, that I am not ashamed to own to thee, that in these seasons of obscurity and temptation, which may perhaps assail many of us, when invisible things appear remote, and are seen as through a glass darkly; in some of these times of sore buffetting and trial, I have been ready to lay my hands upon the sacred volume, and exclaim, Well! here is something tangible, even to my senses, to be at once seen, felt, and understood; containing narrative, doctrine, and truth; and altogether forming such a degree of evidence of its divine authority, and of the eternal realities whereof it assures us, as I trust neither the sophistry of man nor the malice of the devil shall ever prevail with me to doubt, still less to renounce and disbelieve."

"To Carolina Harris.

"1831, 7 mo. 27.—In addressing an 'elect lady,' I think the beloved disciple tells her, that he rejoiced greatly because he found of her children walking in the truth; an experience that I apprehend may have been realized by many a parent and elder since his day, both on account of their own, and the offspring of their dear friends. Would that none of them had proved the reverse of this experience to be equally true, namely, that, in the course of their pilgrimage

they had found no greater sorrow than in beholding so many who were endeared to them by the tender ties of nature and of friendship, walking not in, but out of this most excellent rule of faith and life—the truth as it is in Jesus.

"Could young persons be made fully sensible how much it is in their power to increase or diminish the happiness of age, that it is for them either to strew its pillow with roses or to plant it with thorns; did they believe this, I think some of them would pause before deciding on the course they take; and though it might be at considerable sacrifice of inclination to duty, pursue a very different one. For that the grey hairs of many a parent and parental friend, have, since the times of the Patriarch who anticipated such a close of his life, been accelerated by sorrow to the grave, is, I fear, a fact too evident to be doubted. Yet even here we can scarcely forbear exclaiming, O the excellence, the paramount superiority of the Christian religion, above every system or scheme devised by the wisdom or the strength of man. In the most extreme cases, Christianity offers a relief and a remedy to its afflicted votaries of every character and under every circumstance. They find present relief in resignation and hope, and ultimately a full recompense for all their sufferings in the ineffable felicity, and the crown immortal, which await the successful issue of their warfare.

"So that whether the believer's sorrows be of a domestic nature, which I think are the bitterest, or proceed from a more extraneous source; whether he

languish under the severity of parents, the unkindness of a companion, the undutifulness of children, or the unfaithfulness of a friend, still, under any or every of these trials, he is not left destitute; an arm underneath supports him, and the language of his trembling soul falters on his tongue: 'If the little span of my life must be spent in grief, and my years in sighing; if indeed I must die a lingering death upon the painful cross of sorrow, yet enable me, I beseech Thee, O Lord, as with my latest breath to whisper, Thy will, thy holy and adorable will, and not mine, be done.'

"I trust I am not insensible to the solemnity of a subject into which I have been somewhat inadvertently led by a desire to point towards a mark, which, who would venture to say they have attained, yet who but would acknowledge that it deeply concerns them to press after it?

"The lamentation by the prophet Isaiah, (chapter the fifty-first) — 'There is none to guide her among all the sons whom she has brought forth; neither is there any that taketh her by the hand of all the sons that she hath brought up,' is descriptive of the state of Jerusalem, when she had neither sons nor daughters to care for her. I have sometimes thought this may not only be applicable to a city or a church, but even to the pious parent or guardian of disobedient and gainsaying children. But waiving this particular point, there have been times in my experience, if I may venture to refer to it, when the three last verses of the chapter just referred to have afforded me pe-

culiar support, as being figuratively descriptive of or comparable to the bottom of Jordan, preservation there, and bringing up a stone of memorial from thence. O that in every future swelling of this mighty stream, should such be permitted, I may submissively enter the flood; and as with my head just above water stand still the appointed time!

"This language would probably appear mysterious, if not unintelligible, to many a pious Christian, who may never have been plunged into the depth to which it alludes, but mercifully conducted on his spiritual journey, by a shorter and easier course. Yet to those, and such I believe there are, who have been safely brought through these conflicting experiences; to such a reader, the being put in remembrance of what themselves have passed through, may be sweetly harmonious, as a morning or an evening song, on the banks of deliverance."

"To J. and H. C. Backhouse.

"1831, 9 mo. 29.—I sincerely hope the enemy of peace, who has sown discord in some other places, may not be suffered to introduce it here. And yet I am sometimes jealous; and in these unsettled times, when everything that can be shaken seems to be in motion, I have been of late more than ordinarily jealous, lest he who beguiled Eve by his subtlety, should by any means get an entrance among us, if not as a lion or as a bear, yet under the equally dangerous

transformation of an angel of light, as a guise more adapted to our present improved state of education and intellectual refinement.

"We know that learning has its appropriate temptations, and knowledge its peculiar dangers; so that, I think, with all our acknowledged advantages, we have more need of watchfulness against being puffed up or bewildered by them, than might be the case with our rude forefathers, though, doubtless, they had their temptations and trials fitted to their state. For I quite believe that both the unlearned and the learned, the wise and the ignorant, have one common enemy and one common salvation; and that this salvation is of the mercy of God in Christ Jesus, through the blessed, eternal Spirit, to which I think the New Testament bears abundant witness. And to you, my valued friends, I can make the appeal, do we not find it true in experience? Oh, what should we be without the appointed Saviour, in all his divine offices, and in the completeness of his character?

"As to Unitarianism, I consider it in many cases to be the first step towards what thou hast justly denominated something further on the road to destruction. I have a very low opinion of that man's practical and consistent Theism who denies the divinity of Christ. For what signify sophistical distinctions, or the most sublime epithets and exalted character, as applied only to the Father, if we deny the Son, who has declared himself to be the way to Him?

To J. J. GURNEY.

"1832, 4 mo. 20. — I sometimes think, (or ought I to say imagine?) that such redeemed spirits as, after traversing this world's wilderness, and crossing the deep waters of Jordan, are mercifully admitted into the heavenly Canaan, a land flowing with milk and honey; that these happy souls may there be classified, either as stars according to their magnitude and glory, as vessels by their various capacities for receiving and containing the ineffable felicity of which all shall be full, or which is an idea distinct from either of these, as minds possessing different temperaments, according to their affinities and attractions. In either of the two former cases I can easily believe my own situation must be a very low, yet possibly not a less thankful one than that of the rapt seraph, who with brighter effulgence, not more ardent love, adores and burns in nearer approach to the throne of God and of the Lamb: but should my last supposition, congeniality, prove to be the best, then comes the pleasing dream, that, all other destinations apart, even *we* may rejoice and sing together. Thou wilt perceive as I do, that this is all speculation — I think there is no heresy in it, and I hope that between us it may be harmless, and having heaven for its subject, cheering; for, however unworthy we may be, 'tis sweet to think of heaven.

"... That we want power as well as precept, may perhaps be considered an axiom in Christian divinity. I have of late been impressed with the insufficiency

of precept, however imparted, without accompanying ability to reduce it to practice, convinced as I am that not all I have heard from my fellow mortals, or read in the best of books, would enable me to support the character of a practical Christian, without something also of that substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen; which the apostle appears to consider, not only as the basis, but the essence of a faith superior to that of the understanding, in connexion and co-operation with which, I think, we can only receive power to become the sons of God. I cannot doubt, my dear friend, but that whilst thou art diligently and earnestly engaged in unfolding the doctrines of Christianity, and illustrating the principles of our peculiar profession of it, thou often findest it necessary to recommend the attention of thy hearers and readers to the root of both, Christ within the hope of glory, without whom by his good Spirit in the heart, neither can doctrine be rightly received and understood, nor principle brought as it ought to be, into daily life and conversation.

"'He that believeth on the Son of God hath the witness in himself,' said an apostle, and this witness I think is an evidence of invisible things, something that cannot be shaken, of universal application and benefit, on which the soul may safely rest. Were it not for recurrence to, and a reliance upon this unspeakable gift, I am free to confess that there are moments in which almost everything else seems inadequate to my support — seasons wherein both the

mystery of godliness and the mystery of iniquity, or in other words, the inscrutable nature of the Divine economy in the government of this lower world, with that greatest of all paradoxes, the conduct of misguided and sinful man, would greatly perplex and endanger me.

"As it is, sustained, I trust, by a portion of the faith alluded to, I struggle on, resolving what is strange and embarrassing in human conduct, into the trials and temptations attendant on a fallible and corrupt, yet free agent, in a state of probation, believing literally and in simplicity, such portions of the sacred records as may be opened to my understanding, and receiving with humble reverence what may be secret and unrevealed in holy writ, on the testimony and faithfulness of its divine Author, of whose existence, supremacy, and wisdom, I have been assured, not merely or principally by hearing or reading, but by the too generally despised mediums—or rather sources — feeling and experience; mediums which many even among the pious and learned, are too much afraid of accrediting, lest they should become, or be accounted, enthusiasts, fanatics, &c.; though by this dereliction from that essential faith of which we have spoken, and which is too obvious in some of their writings, they appear to me to fall short of the truth, and to deprive themselves and others of much good.

21st. — I went a few weeks since to Runcton, to visit our late mutually esteemed friend A. M. G., when she was near the close of her life. How sweetly

on this occasion, I remembered Addison, 'See in what peace a Christian can die!' and Young,

"'The chamber where the good man meets his fate,
Is privileged beyond the common walk of virtuous life,
Quite on the verge of heaven.'

"I believe feelings correspondent with these animating expressions were at times very prevalent, during the rather lingering and painful illness of our worthy friend. I cannot help feeling how my valued cotemporaries, one by one, glide from my view, whilst I am at present left in the enjoyment of a degree of health and strength, which—my age and what often passes within considered—almost surprises me. So true it is, that body sometimes supports mind, and *vice versâ:* this is encouraging, when we see how *both* often languish and sink together."

"To Josiah Forster.

"1832, 5 mo. 4.—Connected with the subject of death, I may tell thee, that one evening lately I went, as I am occasionally wont to do, to visit the little cemetery in which, for many generations, the remains of my forefathers have been laid; where also rest those of my parents, my wife, and three of my children, and where probably, ere long, my own dust shall mingle with theirs. On returning homewards at an hour when the cottagers were in their houses, the birds and beasts reposing, and the weather perfectly calm, I was struck by the surrounding scene,

which seemed as it were to place me alone in the world. Thus circumstanced, my mind was almost unconsciously raised—for it seems as if we could not help localizing even invisible things — towards that home beyond the skies, to which from infancy to age, through all life's vicissitudes, it has been led at times to aspire, sometimes with hope, often with fear and discouragement.

"Perhaps partly from temperament, partly from rural habits, and partly from age, which loves and wants quietness, or it may be, from their united influence—but I can scarcely tell thee, how thankful I sometimes feel for the retirement of my home; that lodge in the wilderness which thou hast seen. Here I can not only see a coach pass in the distance, without hearing the noise of its wheels, but which I value much more, here I can sigh in secret, and only emerge from my obscurity, when, as it may be well they sometimes do, circumstances draw me reluctantly out of it. And yet I hope I am neither an ascetic nor a misanthrope; I am sure I would not affect these characters.

"To J. J. Gurney.

"1833, 10 mo. 8.—Thy account of your late Quarterly Meeting, as well as thy information respecting divers absent friends, who are mutually dear to us, were, so far as I am capable of receiving them, matters of comfort and encouragement to me. For though it is true that my present state of mind is

deservedly a low one, and the elements seem in commotion around me, yet I still am permitted to hope that my feet are established upon that rock, from which they shall never be entirely removed; and a single ray of this hope, to those who have known despair, is an unspeakable mercy. I was glad of thy reference to dear Priscilla's hymns. This little volume has long been a treasure to me, almost next to the Bible. I can hardly tell which it suits best, my spiritual state or my failing memory. The one thou pointedst out is indeed both beautiful and excellent: and under another class, headed *Conflict*, what depths of mysterious experience are developed. The first time I remember to have read *Prayer answered by Crosses*, I was astonished at its unfoldings. How many times I have read it since, both in the lines of the book and in those of experience, I cannot tell; but I find them to agree so fully, that my surprise now is, that it should be possible for such a description to be so realized.

"As I intend no complaint by the last remark, so I hope it will administer no discouragement. I believe that, with myself, thou art reconciled to the doctrine of Christ crucified; and that, if we would be his followers, we must expect to suffer a variety of afflictions, both from within and from without. I have sometimes thought when under trial, and found the thought a strengthening one, that if, according to the prophet, He, our adorable Redeemer, did no violence, neither was any deceit in his mouth, yet it pleased the Lord to bruise Him, and put Him to

grief, with many other expressions in the same chapter of the like import; should we, poor sinful creatures, repine at a measure of suffering so far short of his, and also below our deserts; and so needful, perhaps, for maturing our Christian character, and preparing us for an admission into the kingdom of rest and peace. As my race is not yet completed, thou mayest be ready to wonder, all circumstances considered, at my boldness. But whatever may hereafter befall me, such is the present frame of my mind, that I am encouraged, with reverence and gratitude, I trust, thus to commune with thee, my endeared friend, for whom I desire all spiritual preservation and prosperity."

"To J. J. Gurney.

"1834, 3 mo. 1. — Thou hast expressed a desire for my sympathetic remembrances in the prosecution of thy arduous engagements in London and its vicinity. These thou hast I believe daily, how much oftener I cannot say. One thing I know, that, if ever my heart be enabled to ascend by living aspirations to the throne of grace, I desire to bear thee upon it, and that thy true interests of every kind may be inseparably connected with every breathing and every cry for myself and others, who are the most near and dear to me. So that were I indeed a father, as thou art willing to suppose, perhaps I could do no more.

"On the very important subject of prayer, I some-

times think, that, were the Holy Scriptures, which I increasingly value, sufficiently read and contemplated, without superseding or disparaging either secret or public supplication, by such a practice, we should have no need of other Liturgies; as in those invaluable records may be found, not only descriptions of almost every possible case and circumstance into which the mind of man can be brought; but confessions, praises, and petitions suited to all the varieties of these innumerable changes, which are often supplied to us in the needful time, and with wonderful adaptation, by that principle, or gift of grace, so appropriately denominated, the good remembrancer.

"Accordingly, may I presume to say, my own mind seems just now to dwell with some degree of rest and hope on two separate portions of sacred writ, the universal prayer of the poor publican and the more particular and private one of David, where he thus implores, 'Cast me not off in the time of old age; forsake me not when my strength faileth.' I have called the first of these ejaculations universal, because when some knowledge of God and of ourselves is attained, I suppose there is scarcely another form of words so congenial to the contrited heart, or that when thus humbled so unconsciously and spontaneously escapes from the trembling lips. The last, I call private or particular, as more especially belonging to that advanced stage of human life at which I am now arrived.

"As I often find it easier to copy than to compose, I sometimes supply my own deficiency of stock from

other quarters; and in this way I propose occupying a part of the present sheet by the following extract from Henry Martyn, who says:

"'It has been well observed by one,* who took a profound view of human nature, that there are three very different orbits in which great men move and shine, and that each share of greatness has its respective admirers. There are those who as heroes fill the world with their exploits; they are greeted with the acclamations of the multitude; they are ennobled whilst living, and their names descend with lustre to posterity. Others there are who, by the brilliancy of their imagination, or the vigor of their intellect, attain to honor of a purer and higher kind: the fame of these is confined to a more select number; all have a discriminating sense of their merit. A third description there is, distinct from both the former, and far more exalted than either, whose excellence consists in a renunciation of themselves, and a compassionate love for mankind. In this order the Saviour of the world was pleased to appear; and those persons obtain the highest rank in it, who by his grace are enabled most closely to follow his example.'

"I very much admire the correctness of these views, particularly as regards the last, which, speaking religiously, I think is quite the climax of human excellence. In the class thus defined, I therefore, not only desire that thou, my dear friend, mayst ever be found; but that all thy labors by word or writing

* Pascal.

may have a uniform tendency to produce and to cherish such true disciples of Christ — of which, whatever she may think, the world has much need. And whilst it is admitted that such characters must not seek great things for themselves, and that they need not expect the distinctions of earthly grandeur or fame, either on a throne, in the academy, or in the senate; but on the contrary, in following their despised and dishonored Master, may occasionally have to appear as spectacles to the world, and to angels, and to men; still I must maintain the sublime and superior nature, both of their present reward, and of their future prospects, which are no less than a foretaste of heavenly peace, even in this world, and in that which is to come, life everlasting. In endeavoring to secure these, is it not worth while to make some sacrifices, and even if it must be so, to suffer persecution, by being accounted as the filth of the earth, and the offscouring of all things?

"I think thou wilt now perceive, that I have no objection to thy preaching 'Christ crucified,' even should it be attended at times with fear and trembling: — exercises which the apostle Paul not only recognises, but has in one instance placed in a very high connexion, no less than the important business of the soul's salvation. We need not then be either afraid or ashamed of this honorable distinction, which perhaps often cometh from God only."

"To Josiah Forster.

1834, 9 mo. 13. — How necessary it appears for those whose standing in society scarcely admits of their being indifferent, or even inactive spectators, to be watchful and careful of every step they take, not only for the sake of others, but for their own sakes, that so none of these shakings may move them from that sure foundation, on which the feet of their minds may have once been mercifully placed!

"And as I believe the false notion of 'once in grace, ever in grace,' makes no part either of thy creed or mine, I cannot doubt but that we both feel the necessity for continual watchfulness unto prayer, that we may be favored with wisdom and strength to stand in every time of need and of trial, whatever be its nature. For the longer we live, the more sensible we probably each of us are, that it is not by past experience, or even by those works of righteousness, (and such I think they may be called,) which through divine assistance we may in days past have obediently performed, that the work of the soul's salvation is wrought out, and completed: but that the repeated washing of regeneration, and the fresh renewings of the Holy Ghost are absolutely necessary to the carrying on and perfecting of this all-important concern.

"It may be worthy of observation that the houses described in the parable, as those of wise and foolish builders, were equally exposed to the storm, though

their end was so different. But in the full consideration of this important passage of Scripture, we must, I apprehend, have regard both to the free agency and fallibility of man, by supposing that, although his feet may have been set even upon a rock that was higher than himself, and his goings established so long as he continued thereupon; by admitting also that whilst in a state of probation, he has the power of changing his position; and from his natural weakness and corruption, acted upon as they are, he is under a continual liability of being either drawn or seduced from it; so that it is only as divine ability is sought and obtained to endure and not yield to the tempest, that his building, however fair and specious, can possibly stand through all the vicissitudes of time, especially as danger is sometimes found to lurk, unperceived by merely human vision, in the very calm and sunshine of life.

"There are two objects, which though outwardly very dissimilar, yet taken figuratively, seem to have considerable bearing upon Christian experience. A vessel that with broken mast and torn sails, is still kept steady by ballast; and the eagle, which, after having had its plumage sorely ruffled by weather, gains the top of a promontory, from whence, relying upon her stability, she views and braves the storm, waiting in pensive yet majestic solitude the return of a serener sky. I sometimes have thought as applied to an aged pilgrim, (say any one but myself,) these lines are very beautiful and appropriate:—

"'As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm;
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.'

"Attended however as I am by fears and failings, I must not soar either with the eagle, or with the saint; and I am therefore now and then not a little encouraged, when dear friends can hope for me, that which I scarcely dare hope for myself. At the same time it would be ungrateful to the Lord, and might seem discouraging to his people, were I to withhold the reverent acknowledgment, that there are seasons in which I am enabled to adopt this language of the Psalmist, 'Blessed be God who has not turned away my prayer, nor his mercy from me.'"

"To J. J. Gurney.

"1834, 10 mo. 25.—Being rather tottering, I do not see what I can do better, than place myself between thee and thy dear Mary, as those who I believe will be both able and willing to lend support to an old friend, until he recover breath to pursue, or strength to finish his course, whichever may in wisdom or in mercy be appointed him.

"The plain truth is, that, owing partly perhaps to the autumnal weather, I have been rather unwell for the last week or ten days, which has kept me mostly within doors, and twice from meeting, so that from the manner in which the cold and damp air affects

my chest, I am apprehensive of being obliged to take up my winter quarters earlier than usual.

"I have also — without any additionally obvious reason, and amidst all, with very much to be thankful for, both to Providence and my friends — been a good deal tried with mental suffering, so that sometimes I have thought I could comprehend, if I did not experience, the import of these significant lines:

> "'Can the poor heart always ache?
> No: — the tortured nerve will languish
> Or the strings of life must break.'

"What a favor it is, as we probably each of us know, when the strained nerve of sensibility relaxes into tenderness, or, in language more familiar with our profession and character, when exercises difficult to bear, and beyond our own power to remove, are lightened by the hand of that Saviour, who promised rest to the weary and heavy-laden soul, or when perhaps for a season they may be entirely taken away by a gracious God, who, saith the apostle, is faithful, and will not suffer us to be tempted above that we are able to bear.

"In seeking for the cause of these baptisms—and this, however vain it may appear, is a thing we can scarcely avoid — a dim light seems to arise from the consideration that, as I certainly 'have not attained, neither am already perfect,' it consequently follows that the important work of regeneration may be, must be, incomplete, and that perhaps the almost nameless feelings alluded to, are a part of the sufferings attendant on this progressive and necessary work of

forming that entirely new creature, or spiritual character, of which it is said, 'Old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new; and all things are of God.'

"From the first surrender of the human will to the guidance and government of the Holy Spirit, I apprehend the birth immortal takes its date; and so long as our will continues to be resigned and subject to the Divine will, though it may be attended with many interruptions, and by no means exempt from probation, yet the new creature gradually goes forward, through every change, in summer and winter, by night and by day; so that first the little child, next the young man, then the strong man, are successively produced; until, finally, should natural life be continued, and obedience keep pace with knowledge, the measure of the fulness of the stature of Christ is attained.

"It is however a cheering and encouraging thought, which I sometimes indulge, at least on behalf of others, especially for pious young people, or newly-converted persons, that, at whatever stage of his character or growth, the real Christian may be summoned from this world, he is safe and in a state of acceptance. In that sense I understand the passage, 'The child shall die an hundred years old,' &c. But let not this view, for I think it need not, cause any to neglect their daily business of watching unto prayer, or induce them to slacken in their spiritual journey; rather let it stimulate them to go on from grace to grace, that so their day's work having kept

pace with the day, whenever called, they may be prepared.

"I have been pleased to hear that dear Mary has received the acknowledgment of Friends as a minister; and were I to add a word of fatherly advice, it might be this: that, as a servant of Christ, she endeavor to show all good fidelity, adorning the doctrine of God her Saviour in all things: and on the other hand, that she never, as I fear is sometimes attempted, decorate self with *his* inestimable jewels, which are committed to us in trust, for use, not for ornament; this practice I believe seldom answers. We had much better in simplicity and sincerity, seek only to serve and honor the Lord, leaving it to Him to honor us in the way He sees best; and should we not receive it from our fellow mortals, if we are faithful, He will bestow upon us that which is far better, even the honor that cometh from Himself only. Let her diligently and carefully attend to her own precious gift. 'Mind your calling, brethren,' is an excellent motto.

"On my way homeward from our late Quarterly Meeting, while stopping to bait at Swineshead, I walked into the burial-ground, called the churchyard, where amongst names and other inscriptions, 'spelt by the unlettered muse,' I at length discovered something like a diamond, which pleased me so much, that, borrowing a pencil, and resting on a neighboring tombstone, I copied it, and intended herewith to send it to thee. Independently of its composition, which perhaps thou mayest think with

me is of no very common order, it possesses an intrinsic advantage, from being, as I am well assured, historically true, which cannot be said of epitaphs and eulogies. Possibly Mary may find in plain prose the short and simple annals of this pious poor woman amongst her tracts, headed 'Amelia Gale, Swineshead, Lincolnshire.'

"*Inscription over the grave of Amelia Gale, late of Swineshead, copied from the stone, the* 11*th of* 10*th mo.* 1834.

"'Alive, when all her kin were dead,
Alone in this dark world she stood,
Like the scathed oak that lifts its head,
Where flourished once a mighty wood.

Yet ere the sinner passed from earth,
Who long had drawn unhallowed breath,
The Gospel gave her second birth,
To save her from the second death.

Then lived she to herself no more,
But loving much, since much forgiven,
Her Saviour's cross she meekly bore,
And took the Calvary road to heaven.

And still she lives to Him, though dead,
For while her memory survives,
Others, by her example led,
May show her living in their lives.'

"Grave as the subject of these lines is, they may possibly brighten some that preceded them; but however this may be, I hope you (for I have had both in view from beginning to end) will accept the whole

as a token of my affectionate remembrance and unchanging love.

"P. S. I have been informed that you are likely soon to resume your weighty religious engagement in and about London, in which it is my sincere desire, that the Lord may be your ever-present helper, and his beloved Son, Christ Jesus, your *All in all.* How comprehensive is this idea!

THE END.